

88
JW

FREEDOM

PRISON FOR WOMEN

P.O. Box 515,
KINGSTON, Ontario. K7L 4W7

Centre of Criminology

JUN 7 1990

LIBRARY

Vol. 24 No. 4
SPRING ISSUE 90'





Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2025 with funding from
University of Toronto

<https://archive.org/details/31761075941393>

TIGHTWIRE

STAFF

EDITOR Christina (CORKIE) Boyland

CO.EDITOR Therasa-Ann Riddell

IN APPRECIATION
to
SISTERS IN POPULATION
for
THE PRINTING & ASSEMBLY
of

TIGHTWIRE

MANY THANKS FOR CONTRIBUTIONS FROM

JOSE WILSON OSPINA LOPEZ	CAROL SUSIE COURCHENE	CHRIS HILICK
JO-ANNE M. CHURCH	HEATHER LANGABEER	RONNI
HEIKE ZIMMERMANN	THERESA FRAWLEY	LINDA COUCH
JENNIFER JUDGE	ANDY GALLAGHER	FRAN SMITH
JOHN LOUGHREY	DONALD REDMOND	GENA GOGAL
PETER GRIFFIN	ESTER BOLTON	DORIANA
LYNN LAROCQUE	MARY STEWART	PATRICE
ROY GLAREMIN	JOANNE RUTTER	ROSE BIRD
GAYLE K. HORII	BEV AUGER	IRENE
JOHNNY BEAR	MELISSA CAPLAN	D.M.
J. MAYHEW	GERALDINE HARTIE	DALE DUNN
JIM DUMONT	SUSIE HUNT	L.M.D.
SANDY (SAM) SAYER	JOAN	JEFF ROWE
FELISHA LEX	MUSQUA	MAVA
KAS FEHR	TERRY	REV. DOWNS

SPECIAL THANKS FOR THEIR INVALUABLE ASSISTANCE

SOCIAL DEVELOPMENT	JANET BURGESS
LEN P4W PRINTERS	STEVE COTA
DEBBIE DONOHUE	JERRY REBEC
MR. BAKASH	PAT BENDER



TIGHTWIRE is a quarterly publication by the federal Prisoners at the Prison For Women in Kingston, Ontario, Canada. All material is subject to censorship by the Administration prior to printing.

* OVER 90% of content within this publication together with all typesetting, layout and design work - including the printing is done within the walls of P4W by the population

EDITORIAL

GREETINGS My Faithful Readership !
"I'VE MISSED YOU OF LATE"

FREEDOM

Is the focus of this spring issue of TIGHTWIRE. What more appropriate place than being in the system to be able to appreciate and readily identify with Germany as they taste FREEDOM for the first time in decades as "THE BERLIN WALL COMES TUMBLING DOWN."

As a prisoner within I would imagine the feelings of Germans at this time in history must be of a phenomenal nature experiencing "real hope" and a sense of "justice" probably for the first time in their lives. The unlocking of any doors whether they be of a concrete substance or those in ones' own minds must constitute a state of utter euphoria.

Imprisonment can come in many forms not just in the form of incarceration or political oppression - but individuals can be just as imprisoned within the confines of their own minds - regardless of the circumstance we must never "give up" in our own personal struggles to achieve FREEDOM. There is HOPE and never lose sight of it - grab onto it and hold TIGHTLY for without it - there is nothingness

The tumbling of the Berlin Wall has now proven HOPE does prevail even in the most dire circumstances. Let us take ENCOURAGEMENT from this highly positive event in our history.

**FEDERAL PRISONERS MISSION
TO BE INCLUDED IN THE DOCUMENT**

As a special highlight TIGHTWIRE has featured in this issue an article depicting the personal feelings of one West German sister Heike Zimmermann as the wall of BERLIN came tumbling down, who is presently incarcerated in the Canadian System here at P4W.

UPDATE

OF THE P4W CRISIS OF 89"

Although the crisis within these walls of P4W has somewhat subsided there is still a great deal of reform that must become reality within all federal institutions across Canada to keep within the guidelines of the ELUSIVE Mission Document.

I do not use the term ELUSIVE lightly as we the federal prisoners across Canada have now launched a country-wide SEARCH for the whereabouts of this Mission Document as it is quite apparent it is NOT where it should be - here within the federal prisons of Canada.

Find within this issue - articles I have personally written in which I not only attack but challenge the responsible parties concerned to :-

1. Find the location of this Mission Document.
2. Implement the directives therein.

MISSION DOCUMENT ?



I am encouraging all federal prisoners across Canada - brothers and sisters to stand firmly together for the first time in an united effort to have the directives within the Mission Document taken seriously and subsequently be effectively implemented without further delay.

TIME IS NOT ON OUR SIDE

Another dear sister Marie Custer LeDoux on February 26, 1990 succumbed re apparent suicide by hanging.

Within the time frame of less than a year and a half three sisters here at P4W could no longer live within the system as it is and chose FREEDOM by death.

LET NOT THESE DEATHS BE IN VAIN

It is one thing for the Government to disregard their OWN creation "The Mission Document" however there is NO excuse for we the prisoner to do the same !

We have the Mission Document at our finger tips -

LET OUR FINGERS DO THE WALKING and launch a Canada-wide campaign in which all federal prisoners effective immediately - cite the pertinent directive within the Mission Document in EVERY COMPLAINT we initiate whether it be verbal or written in nature.

LETS FIGHT THE WAR OF INHUMANITY within the prison systems across Canada on their territory with weapons they tend not to understand, however have no alternative but to deal with!

We now supposedly have the LAW on our side - let us exercise that law

UNITED WE STAND - DIVIDED WE FALL

Past methods of we the prisoners - of trying to maintain our dignity and rights by sometimes physical and verbal confrontations with powers to be have proven in EVERY instance COMPLETELY ineffective

IT IS TIME FOR A CHANGE IN STRATEGY !

For the first time let us battle unitedly on their level with the LAW as our BACK-UP.

NOTHING VENTURED - NOTHING GAINED

FOR THE FIRST TIME IN HISTORY - WE THE PRISONER CAN NOW CITE THE POWERS TO BE AND BE WITHIN THE LAW DOING SO - RE THE MISSION DOCUMENT.

Christina "CORKIE" Boyland
EDITOR

APOLOGIES extended to you the readership for the delay in the production of this spring issue of TIGHTWIRE due to circumstances beyond our control - internal factors.

MISSION DOCUMENT

The Correctional Service of Canada, as part of the criminal justice system, contributes to the protection of society by actively encouraging and assisting offenders to become law-abiding citizens while exercising reasonable, safe, secure and HUMANE control.

TIGHTWIRE is a quarterly publication with a paid subscription and circulates across Canada and regions beyond. Our magazine is produced and printed in its entirety here at Prison For Women in Kingston, the only Federal Institution for women in Canada and has been in existence for approximately ten years. Because of these factors making our publication "UNIQUE" we are extremely effective with our readership, thus lending importance and creditability to our publication.

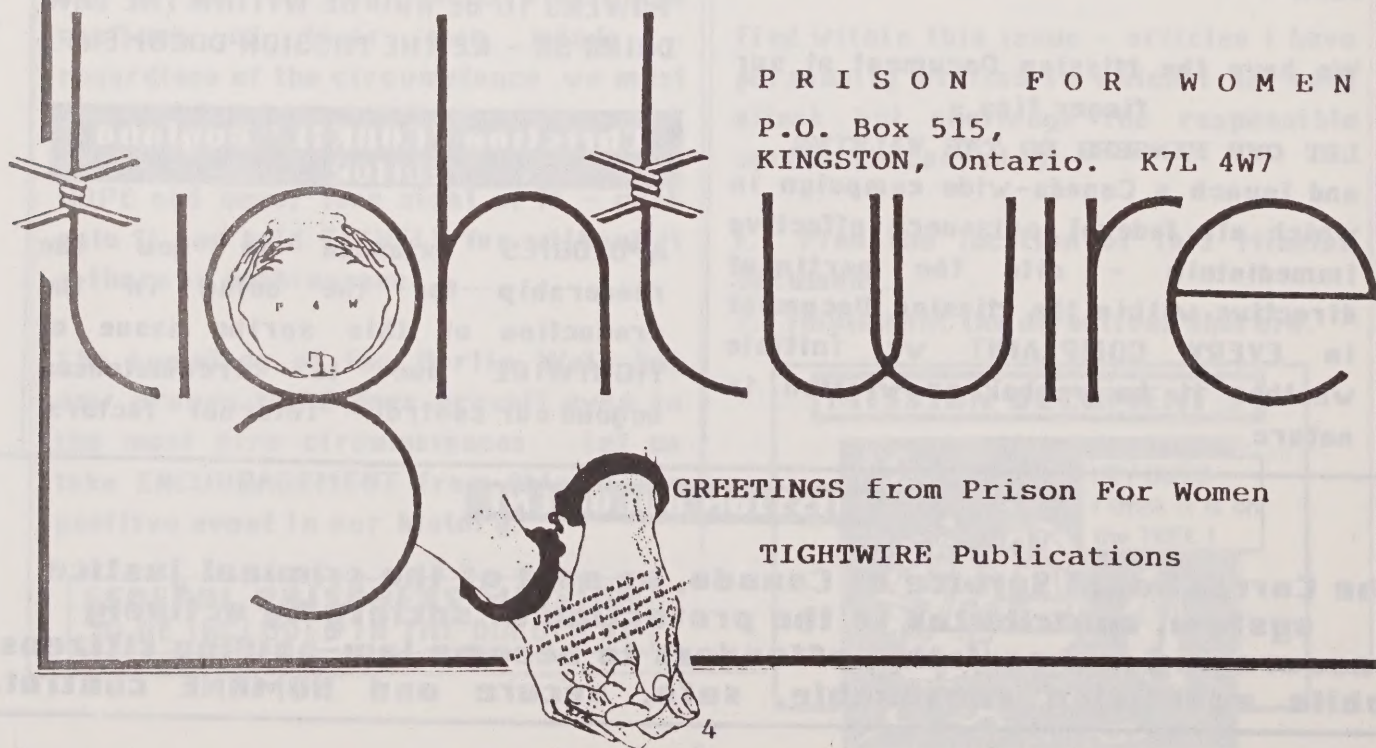
We feature many interesting articles and will begin to display original artwork all initiating from prisoners within the system. Other articles which are featured at times are controversial and quite timely with respect to current affairs and at the same time provide a little humor for your enjoyment.

Due to circumstances beyond our control re spiraling over-head costs etc., find ourselves still in financial difficulties and in the midst of a on-going campaign to initiate new funding to enable us to continue to publish TIGHTWIRE.

WE THEREFORE NEED YOUR PAID SUBSCRIPTION TO KEEP US AFLOAT
Christina (corkie) Boyland
EDITOR

P R I S O N F O R W O M E N

**P.O. Box 515,
KINGSTON, Ontario. K7L 4W7**



GREETINGS from Prison For Women

TIGHTWIRE Publications

CONGRATULATIONS ARE EXTENDED TO
Brenda Blondell
Harriet Giesecke
Danette Williams
WINNERS OF THE PUZZLE CONTEST

XXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXX



THE BERLIN WALL "COMES TUMBLING DOWN"

**freedom for Germany and the beginning of an era where
hopefully humanity for mankind takes precedent**

AN INSIDE VIEWPOINT - BY A WEST GERMAN CANADIAN PRISONER

When I heard that East Germany's borders were opened I felt great relief and excitement. I wished I could have been there to celebrate the new found freedom with the people. Though I am from the West and I don't have any friends or family on "the other side", since in prison - I understand perfectly how people felt for so many years in a closed East Germany. For it was nothing but a nationwide prison. The people were not allowed to speak out what they think, they were not allowed to go where they wanted. Families and friends were separated and for every little thing they had to fill out a request form and hope that authorities would approve it. All that sounds familiar to me. The living conditions were humiliating.

What makes me feel proud is that some hundred-thousand people came together and

protested against these conditions and for the right to express their thoughts and feelings without fearing to be arrested as a government enemy. And their protest was peaceful. Too many people had died already for their desire to be free.

To see people dancing on the wall and sitting on it is overwhelming for everybody who has seen the wall just a few months ago. It was a symbol for repression, injustice and human suffering. The wall was guarded by armed, ready to shoot, grim looking guards. I have seen the wall twice in my life. On "my side" we have little pedestals for tourists so they can look over the wall. So I climbed on such a pedestal and peeked over to the other side. What I saw was quite scary. Computerized, motion sensitive machine guns that reacted at any motion on the ground.

Guard towers, more fences with barbed wire on top of it and I knew there were mines in the ground.

On my side there were countless crosses painted on the wall with a date written under it. Each for one who died while trying to flee. I will never forget the horror I felt.

Now where I am surrounded by walls myself, I feel closer to the East Germans. When I watch the news and see hundreds of thousands of them floating into the West I am happy. BUT THE FIGHT IS NOT OVER YET!

There are still many things to change in East Germany and I admire the people that stay home and keep on fighting.

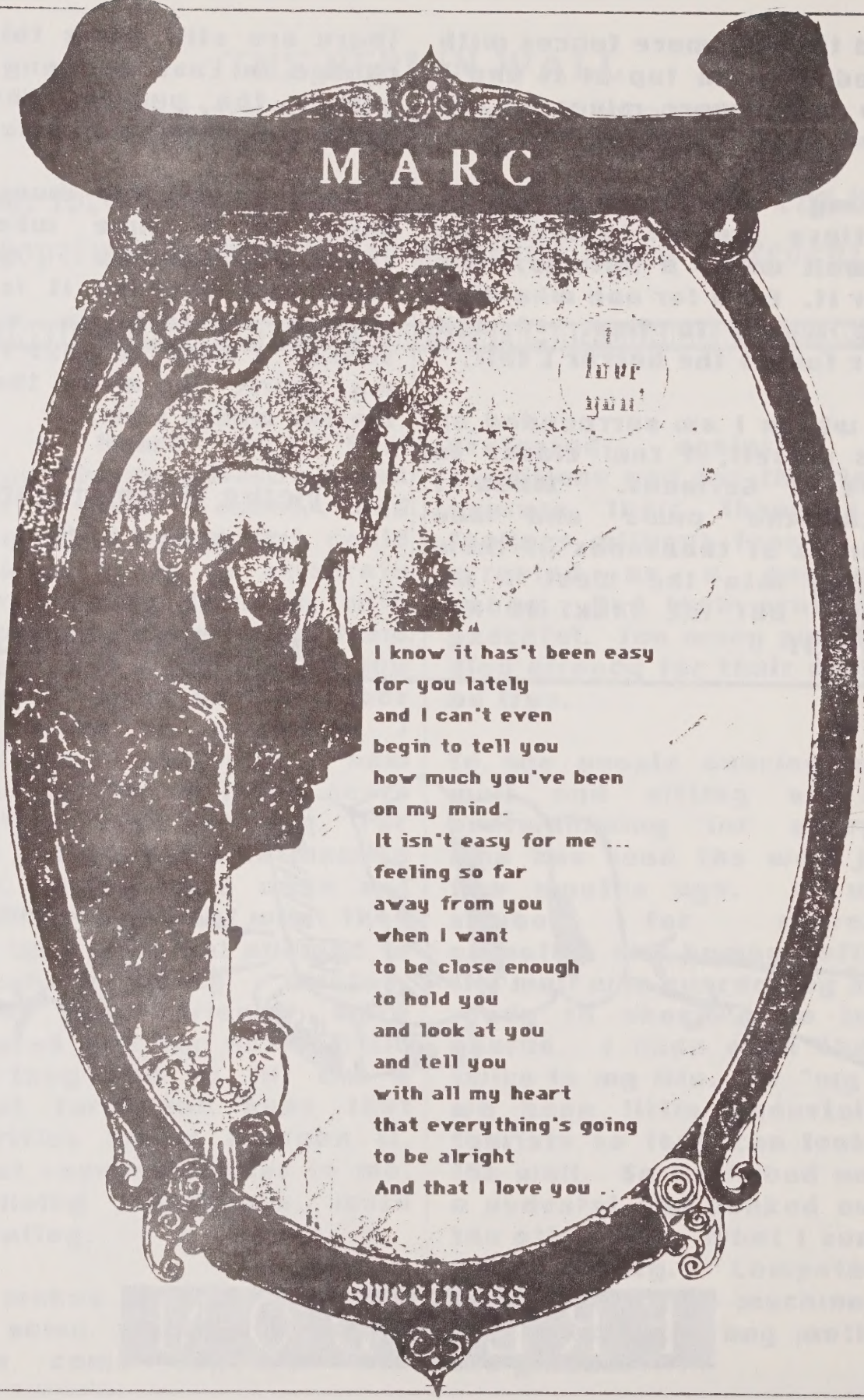
I hate to be far away from home in a time when my country makes history. Especially because it is for a change, history in a good sense. I hate to miss it. But my spirit is with them no matter where I am.

Heike Zimmermann
prisoner within

PRISON FOR WOMEN



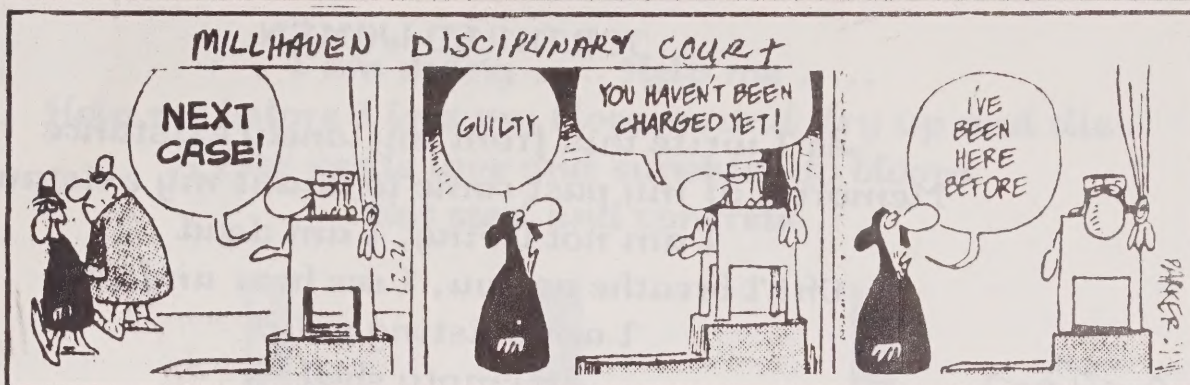
F R E E D O M



M A R C

I know it hasn't been easy
for you lately
and I can't even
begin to tell you
how much you've been
on my mind.
It isn't easy for me ...
feeling so far
away from you
when I want
to be close enough
to hold you
and look at you
and tell you
with all my heart
that everything's going
to be alright
And that I love you ..

sweetness



TASK FORCE

AN IN DEPTH REPORT FORTHCOMING IN OUR
SUMMER ISSUE

WORDS FROM WITHIN: WOMEN PRISONERS WRITE

The Women's Press is requesting submissions for an anthology of writing created by the voices of women in prisons across the country. Writing by ex-inmates is also welcome. All forms of writing, including songs, essays, poetry, are appreciated. A writer's fee will be paid upon publication.

Women interested in contributing their writing to such a project, please contact below :

The Women's Press souhaite recevoir des textes écrits par des femmes détenues.

Qu'ils soient poésie, essai, nouvelle ou chanson, les textes retenus seront réunis en une anthologie d'oeuvres de femmes incarcérées à travers le pays. Les femmes ex-détenues peuvent aussi soumettre leur création. Un cachet sera versé à l'auteure lors de la publication de l'ouvrage.

Les femmes intéressées à présenter une oeuvre dans le cadre de ce project communiquent avec :

PINELOPI
GRAMATIKOPOULOS
c/o Women's Press
517 College Street
Suite 233
TORONTO, ONTARIO
CANADA M6G 4A2



The
**Women's
Press.**

TORTURED WOMEN

As I write this from my lonely existance
Memories of my past come to haunt my existance

I am not living, I am dead

Oh! I breathe as you, I see hear and feel

I am existing only!

An empty shell

I am in prison for taking a life

My husband to be exact

I lived 14 years within his sick torture

Till the day I cracked

It was me against a giant like David and Goliath

I struck him down with one shot

Now here I sit for 20 to life

For defending my life, my very life

Society a panel of my peers

What a joke says I find

You qualify of 1st degree murder

What! For defending my life?

WHERE IS THE JUSTICE

I say it was self defense

So here I sit wondering

Will I ever be happy?

The answer keeps coming back "No"

You will wilt like the roses

When they are cut and mingle to dust

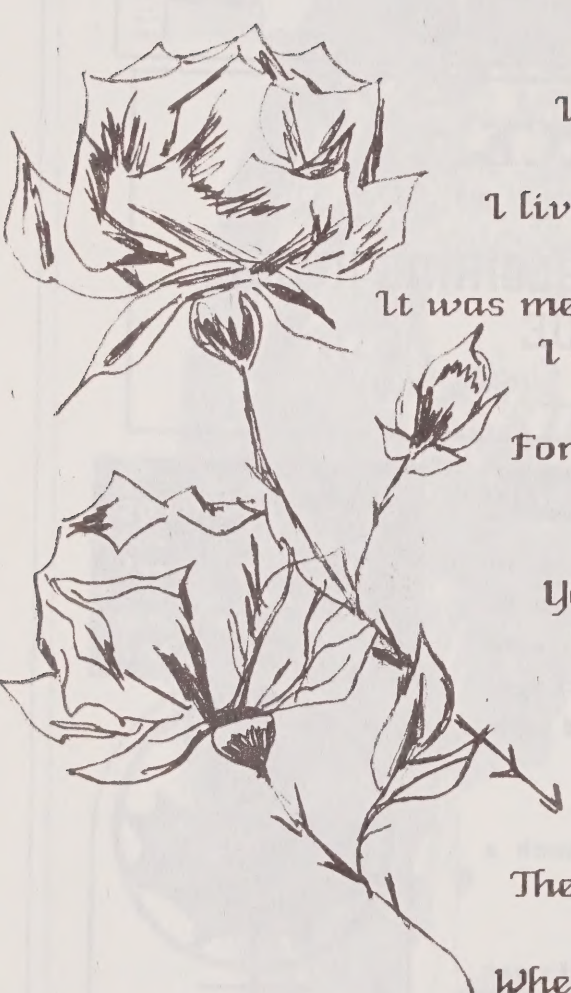
Is there hope? The answer lies within the future

If there is anyone who gives a shit that I am here

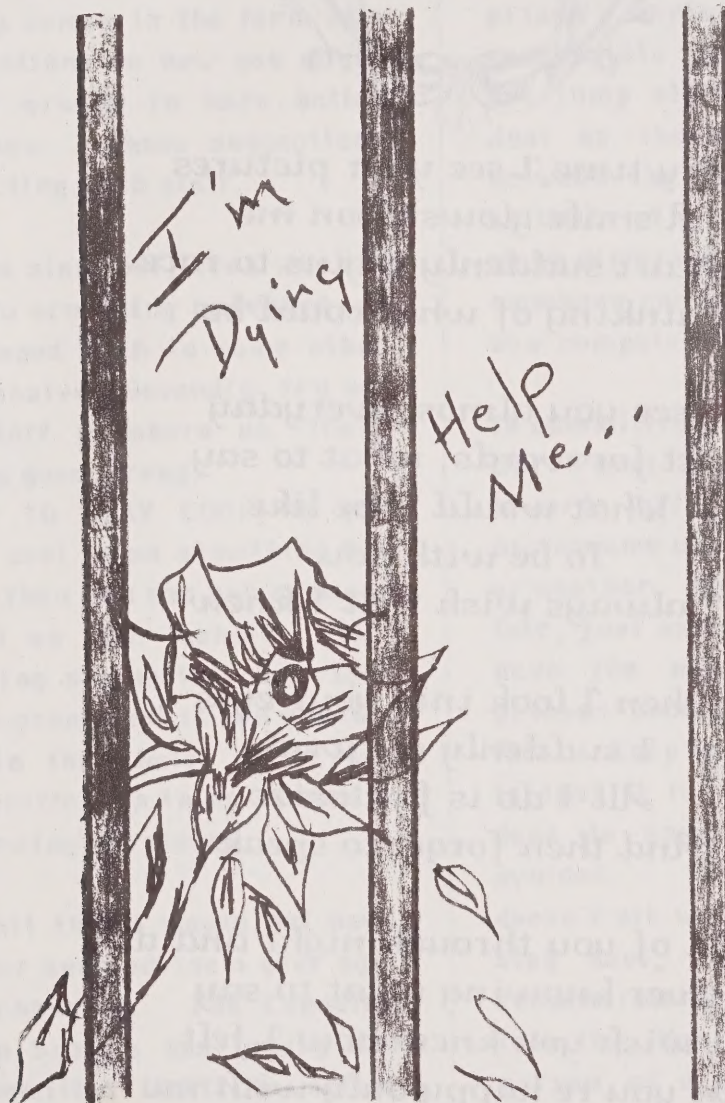
When I should be out there

All I want is half - a - chance

Is that to much to ask?



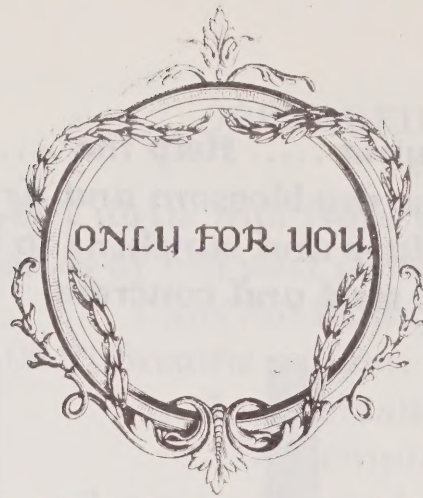
I am dying Help me
Help me before I lose my blossom and dry up and die
A rose needs love and sunshine to bloom
Not steel and concrete



By
Linda
Couch

dedicated to all battered women in prison and yet to come

Linda Couch - Marysville, Ohio - Penitentiary



Every time I see your pictures
A smile glows upon me
My heart suddenly begins to race
Thinking of what could be

I see you almost everyday
Lost for words, what to say
What would it be like
To be with you
I always wish that I knew

When I look into your eyes
I suddenly get weak
All I do is fantasize
And then forget to speak

I think of you through night and day
never knowing what to say
I wish you knew how I felt
But you're happy only with me

dedicated to - Mi hermosa nina esposa
Monica Maria - from Jose Wilson Ospina Lopez

balancing the scales of inequality
women working with women in prison
offering our support and strenght to one another
Ann Riddell

A BIT OF HELP TO GET AROUND IN HERE



No you don't smoke this bit of help. This bit of help comes in the form of a couple of suggestions on how you might be able to get around in here better than you do now. These suggestions concern interacting with staff.

First off TRY to stay cool, even when it seems clear you are being provoked, or ignored, or played with in some other way that is offensive. Secondly, try not to think of staff members as "they" when something goes wrong.

ABOUT TRYING TO STAY COOL; if you manage to stay cool when something bad is done to you, then you can ask someone to look into it on your behalf. Your chances of having any matter set right will increase a great deal if you haven't been thrown in the "hole" or if you haven't been written up in an "incident report" for blowing off steam.

I've got to admit that I would not have felt I could offer such advice a year ago.

Things are changing. The Canadian Federal Prison System has loudly and publically committed itself to acting fairly towards prisoners. By doing that the prison system has committed every staff member to being responsible for their actions in our prisons.

Therefore, if some staff member does something bad to you and if you keep the lid on, then that staff member's behavior will be looked at as possibly being the source of the problem. That

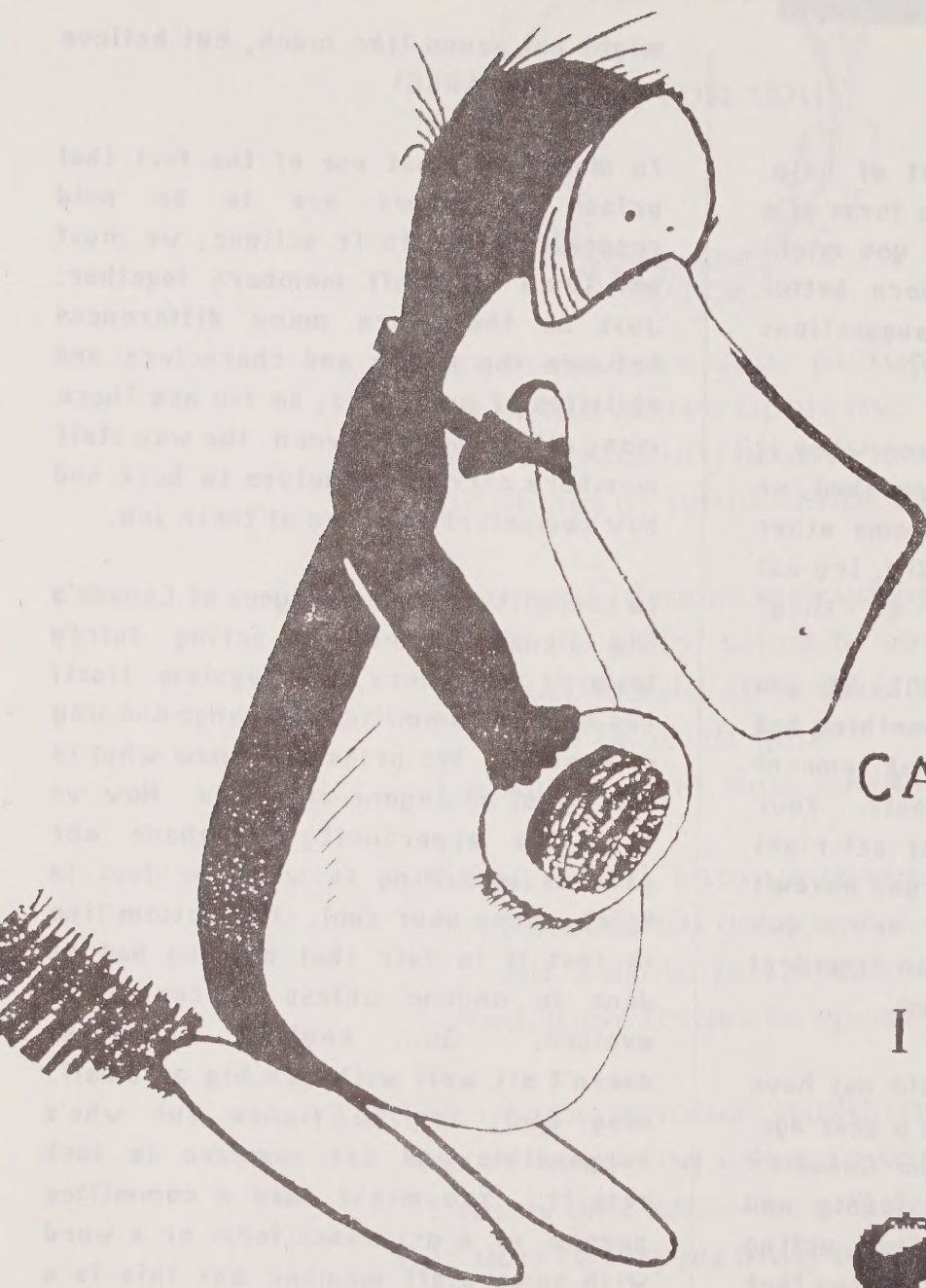
might not sound like much, but believe me - IT IS LARGE!

To make the most use of the fact that prison employees are to be held responsible for their actions, we must not lump all staff members together. Just as there are many differences between the moods and characters and abilities of prisoners, so too are there many differences between the way staff members carry themselves in here and how competent they are at their job.

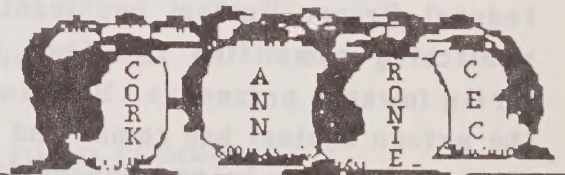
In committing the employees of Canada's Big Penal System to acting fairly towards prisoners, the system itself has become committed to change one way or another. We prisoners know what is fair, just as anyone else does. Now we have the opportunity to shape our prisons according to what we feel is fair.....Keep your cool. The bottom line is that it is fair that nothing bad be done to anyone unless it cannot be avoided. So... anytime something doesn't sit well with you big or small, stay cool, try to figure out who's responsible and ask someone to look into it. You might need a committee person, or a grievance form or a word with some staff member but this is a time of change try it. Your cool head and calm complaint may help to make it easier for the next prisoner.



submitted
Roy Glaremin - Collins Bay



CAN I GO HOME
NOW!
I SAID I WAS
SORRY?



This fellow is taken into the hospital with two broken legs, a broken arm, and several broken ribs. The Doctor asks him how it happened and the fellow tells him that it happened training his dog. The Doctor says he still can't understand how he could get so badly hurt training a dog and asks for an explanation. Well my neighbor came over and gave me hell for letting my dog shit on his lawn. He then told me I should teach my dog to use the gutter like other people did. The Doctor still did not understand and said so, to which the fellow replied, "I fell off the roof of the house trying to teach him to use the gutters!"

submitted by Joanne Rutter

DON'T QUIT

When things go wrong as they sometimes will
When the road you're trudging seems all uphill
When the funds are low and the debts are high
And you want to smile, but you have to sigh
And you want to smile, but you have to sigh
When the care is pressing you down a bit
Rest if you must, but don't you quit

Life is queer with its twists and turns
As everyone of us sometimes learns
And many a fellow turns about
When he might have won had he stuck it out
Don't give up though the pace seems slow
You may succeed with another blow

Often the goal is nearer than
It seems to a faint and faltering man
Often the struggler has given up
When he might have captured the victor's cup
And he learned too late when the night came down
How close he was to the golden crown

Success is failure turned inside out
The silver tint of the clouds of doubt
And you never can tell how close you are
It may be near when it seems afar
So stick to the fight when you're hardest hit
It's when things seem worst that you mustn't quit

submitted by
ROSE BIRD

Desiderata

Go placidly amidst the noise and haste; remember what peace there may be in silence. As far as possible, without surrender, be on good terms with all persons. Speak your truth quietly, clearly, and listen to others, even the dull ignorant; they too have their story. Avoid loud aggressive persons; they are vexations to the spirit. If you compare yourself with others, you may become vain and bitter; for always there will be greater or lesser persons than yourself. Enjoy your achievements as well as your plans. Keep interested in your own career, however humble; it is a real possession in the changing fortunes of time. Exercise caution in your business affairs, for the world is full of trickery. But let this not blind you to what virtue there is; many persons strive for high ideals and everywhere life is full of heroism. Be yourself; especially, do not feign affection. Neither be cynical about love, for in the face of all aridity disenchantment it is as perennial as the grass. Take kindly the counsel of the years; gracefully surrendering the things of youth. Nurture strength of spirit to shield

you in sudden misfortune, but do not distress yourself with imaginings; many fears are born of fatigue and loneliness. Beyond a wholesome discipline, be gentle with yourself. You are a child of the universe, no less than the trees and the stars; you have a right to be here. And whether or not it is clear to you, no doubt the universe is unfolding as it should. Therefore, be at peace with God, whatever you conceive Him to be, and whatever your labors and aspirations; in the noisy confusion of life, keep peace with your soul. With all its shame, drudgery, broken dreams; it is still a beautiful world. Be careful. Strive to be happy.

found in old saint paul's
church, baltimore dated
1692

dedicated to Cecil
from joan



"DEDICATION"

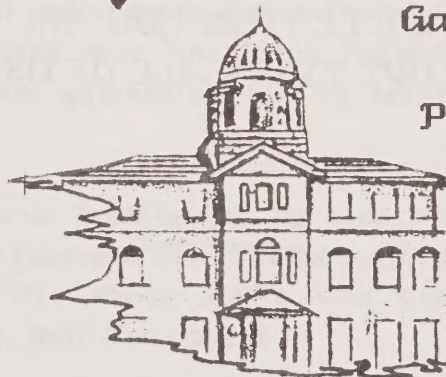
This artwork is dedicated to all women in struggle around the globe. It is my firm belief that the demise of Prison for Women and all it stands for is on the horizon and represents the commencement of the demise of repression in all forms to women everywhere.

I shall never forget the pain and anguish and the despair that still pervades alongside the courage and love that is displayed by the women incarcerated in that abattoir. I shall never forget either the treachery I have witnessed and encountered at the highest levels and leave the final judgement of that treachery to be faced in the future by those responsible.

The demolition of Prison for Women (albeit symbolically) is necessary in order to free us from our pain and anguish and to enable our sisters who have perished in body and/or spirit to be finally at rest.



Gayle K. Horii
Matsqui
Penitentiary



The Winged Horse is the mythological Chinese symbol of "Thought - That Which Transcends All Barriers of Space and Time". Nothing can block the love and admiration we have for one another and I ask you all to use this symbol as our link to communicate - to reach out in spirit and enjoin with me and others of like minds to empower us all.

May the Year of the Metal Horse - January 27, 1990 to February 14, 1991 remind us of our Strength and Our Power to raise ourselves above those who refuse charity, to help one another in truth and always in love to permit the light to guide us and fulfill us.

I love You and Miss You,
Sleep Warm and Stay Strong.

Life is the Greatest Gift
and Having a Long and Healthy one is the best revenge.

ADIEU TO OUR BELOVED REV., FRIEND AND BROTHER

I've been asked to write a few lines
To thank you for the many times
When you've been there to help us out
To still our fears and calm our doubt
For the nights you've come to take our hand
For being there to understand
For getting us through the darkest days
By showing us the Lord's ways
For all of this and much, much more
We wish you weren't going out the door

FAREWELL
WE'LL MISS YOU !!!!!
LOVE FROM ALL OF US
D.M.

i
sure wish
"you"
weren't going!



E. FRY P4W CHRISTMAS PARTY

The annual Christmas party at Prison For Women was held on Wednesday December 13th, 1989 from 6:30 p.m. - 9:00 p.m. Once again approximately fifty Staff members and Volunteers from Elizabeth Fry Societies throughout Eastern Canada and other invited guests joined with almost 100 women from Prison population to celebrate the holiday season.

Planning for the party began late in October, when the E. Fry Kingston Volunteer Co-ordinator met with the P4W Prisoners' Committee; these meetings generated a variety of new ideas for Christmas gifts, decorations and entertainment. Each of these new ideas received supportive approval by Prison For Women Warden Mary Cassidy.

Owing to the generosity of many Kingston area restaurants, discount stores, companies and specialty shops, most of the refreshments were thoughtfully donated to the party and many of the gift items were offered at discount prices. In addition, a number of individuals demonstrated their support for our agency and the party by donating over one dozen Poinsetta flower arrangements to decorate the Institutions gymnasium and by helping with party planning and gift wrapping.

As always the party was highlighted by Alderman John Clements' spirited performance as Santa Clause who distributed a gift package to each of the women inside. As well terrific dance music was provided by Sound on Sound Productions disc jockey, Dale Van Dusen.

The Elizabeth Fry Society of Kingston wishes to extend its appreciation to everyone who helped to make this annual event such a great success.

MELISSA CAPLAN - Volunteer Co-ordinator
ELIZABETH FRY SOCIETY OF KINGSTON

A QUIET MOMENT

I imagine myself walking in a heavenly garden
where I joyfully pick flowers that brighten my soul.
The flowers are my teachers, books and spirit guides,
the bouquet I make is my own unique spiritual practice.
lovingly shared
PATRICE - 1990

sisterhood speaks out





NATIVE SISTERHOOD CONFERENCE - HELD FEBRUARY 27, 1990

Hello my name is Carol Courchene you can call me Bow & Arrow, I'm writing on behalf of the Native Sisterhood and myself in regards to liason Conference.

This conference took place behind these walls. It was a beautiful thing, and I'm proud that I can say I was a part of it. My fellow sisters and I took part in the ceremony in which we said good bye to dear Sisters that Spirits took from these walls. I can honestly say there is a lot of hardship and hurt in here. But I can honestly say there is also a lot of love in here too. All in all it was a beautiful ceremony. We also had a pow-wow where our brothers from warkworth prison came. We would just like to thank the elders, deputy commissioner, and all the liason workers for becoming a part of what I call more sharing and giving experience we enjoyed it very much.

SPECIAL THANKS to P4W in assisting us to arrange for this conference.

**NATIVE REPRESENTATIVE - Carol Susie Courchene
CHAIRPERSON - Johnny Bear**

written - from a friend to another - protect thy inner beauty
Mary - for yours' is one well worth hanging on to
love Ya - Irene

Mary - stay yourself - hold strong

Getting to know you
Is such a great pleasure
Your friendship is one
I've come to treasure
You're beauty is apparent
You're heart so true
Friendships like your's
Are rare and few
Try to refrain
From building a wall
Protect your feelings
Any other way at all
Don't do as I've done
I've blocked myself in
Your wall's very low
And still very thin
You're very warm
And very caring
You have a beauty
Well worth sharing
Don't ever burry it
For all your life you'll find
You're digging for yourself
The one you've left behind
Take it from me
Just stay yourself
Don't put any pieces
aside on a shelf
You have nothing to hide
And so much to give
So please stay yourself
As long as you live

HELLO ! My name is Carol Susie Courchene. My friends call me Susie. I'm writing on behalf of myself and Native Sisterhood. I am presently incarcerated for two years. Well it started when I came in, I had heard about the sisterhood, but I didn't know what it was all about or what they did.



Well it was my second night here when this lady named Mary came up to me and asked me "are you coming to the meeting for the sisterhood?" I said yes right away. When I got there I met all the sisters, one of which was Joey. They were playing the drum and singing pow-wow. They introduced themselves and made me feel right at home. For me I received very positive feelings to the girls instantly. A few weeks later when I kept going to the sisterhood they elected me secretary.

I feel good about it as they support me a lot not only physically but mentally also. I'm now more familiar with my Indian culture. It's really sad that we don't have that closeness on the street because if we did, I'm positive some of us wouldn't be here today

In Sisterhood - C. Susie Courchene



In Spirit!
In Strength!
In Struggle!
In Sisterhood!

your sis always
Sandy sam Sayer

dedicated to

my sisters both
inside - and
outside of these
walls

Since I've walked into this fucken hole, I expected to see things differently. What I've seen and experienced has opened my eyes and heart in all aspects. As Chairperson of The Sisterhood it gave me the opportunity to learn about my culture by loving and giving all I can. We are strong people and with one anothers' support we can make it out of these places of loving and living the way our ancestors have taught us to live. We are learning and one day we'll all be looked down from the Creator and smiled upon.

Some of us have our differences but that's to be expected, it only makes us stronger. I'll never forget any of you and even when I'm gone physically, spiritually I'll always be with you. You've been supportive when I needed someone to talk to and were there to hold me up when I needed to be held. Keep working with your heads high and spirits strong. No walls or bars can break us. The system may think that they can but they are as blind and dumb as they pretend to be and are.

Anyway before I let my anger get the best of this, I've said it time and time before "I love you all and will miss you very much". I'm going to give it my best out there and with the support of strong spiritual people. I'll never return to these places and hopefully instead of seeing you Ladies inside these walls I'll see you on the outside where our minds, bodies and spirits are free.

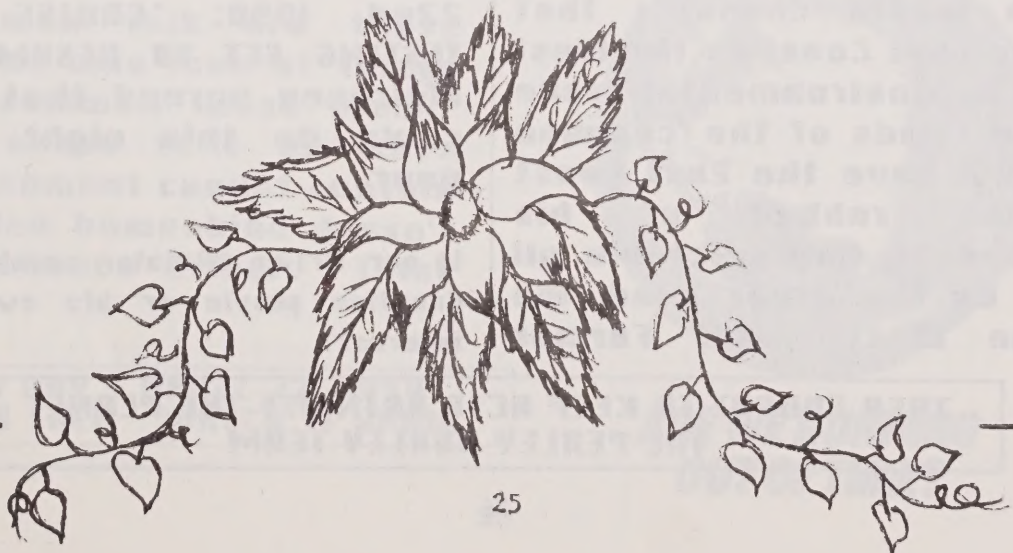
OUR FIRST TIMES ARE THE ONES I REMEMBER THE MOST

The first time we met
The first time we talked
The first time you called and we went out
The first time that we were seperated
And I told you I'd missed you
The first time I cried when you were gone
The first time you told me that you loved me
The first time I said "I love you"
And the time that we first loved
The first time I met your friends
The first time that I knew
That our love was going to last
Between us there have been many first times
And I remember them
Each and everyone
But the time I remember most often
Is the first time I fell in love "with you"

I MISS YOU BABY

Dedicated to "My Lady"
who has since left this earth

Bev Auger 1990 (L.43)



RESPECT OUR LIVING SPACE ON THE EARTH

I was asked to contribute yet another article in our sequel of Current Issues Section of Tightwire and I began to realize how pointless it all is for our environmentalists to be arrested and put in prison for something we should all be fighting for as a group of concerned humans. The normal living arrangement we have with the Earth has left us gasping for air, cleaning in dirty water, blistering our skin, and careful about where we walk. We as a race are expressing our concerns about what is being done to ur living space by big money politics here in Canada. We are constantly aware of the efforts of our government to come up with viable solutions to cleaning up the environment.

The Canadian concept of 'clean living' is fast becoming a facade. We are being informed through media channels that from the East Coast to the West Coast the environmental issue is in the minds of the 'common folk.' We have the East Coast Fisherman robbed of his livelihood by unpredictable oil spills. On the other hand, we see the West Coast Farmer

struggling with extinction due to the hole in the ozone layer. These things are caused by the Human Race in their need to be technologically advanced. This coupled with our otherwise waring and competitive natures has left most of us only considering ourselves as survivalists. The unnatural calamities being dealt us in spades is horrendous when you see the results of us not cleaning up our living space and respecting the basic human rights and needs of others around us.

Is the Human Race an Environment Issue? What about the weather we've been having lately? I know we are wasting our energy trying to resolve the ills of the Earth. We are the Earth's ills. Time moves on and the Human Race becomes extinct with its passing. Who knows? We may be viewed as merely a skin rash on the Earth for a time.

The Toronto Star, for January 22nd, 1990: "CRUISE MISSILE TESTING SET TO RESUME." Mr. Mulroney agreed that the U.S. could do this eight times a year.

Is our Prime Minister speaking for the Canadian people or his own personal interest?

**THEY FOUGHT TO KEEP ACID RAIN OFF THE PLANET
THE PERLEY HURLEY TEAM**

There will be no environment to worry about if they make a mistake just once. Another headline: "14,000 SEA BIRDS FEARED KILLED BY NEWFOUNDLAND OIL POLLUTION"

Not only are we endangering ourselves but other life forms who have every right to be here on the Earth. Still another, "DEBATE RAGES OVER ONTARIO FOREST" and from a paper out East that tells us that "WOODLAND MURDER SADDENS TATAMAGOUCHE AREA RESIDENTS" This form of cutting trees called "clear cutting" literally exposes the Earth in wide stripes and erodes the top soil, thus cutting down on vegetation. Judy Davis, who sits on the committee of the "Scott Boycott Committee" warns of the dangers of "clear cutting." Ms. Davis informs us that "they've gone through like a tornado. There's no undergrowth. It looks like a desert up there. They are destroying the fish, wildlife, rivers - everything."

The common folk are those amongst us who look at things with a "common sense view." Common sense tells us when the environment cannot contain nature then humankind doesn't stand a chance either. Think about it.

**EARTH DAY - APRIL 22, 1990
PLANT A TREE - WATCH IT GROW**

The animals are getting sick from the food, the fish are getting sick from the water, the birds are getting sick from the air and just think we are eating, drinking and breathing the same air as them. Don't kid yourselves about it any longer, we do need to clean up our living space and we had better start doing it soon. As always I am a survivalist and not a fatalist. I believe that time pushes all forms of life on into extinction and the Earth will be here long after we are gone. The skin rash will cellar up with the passing of the Human Race and will be no worse for wear. But I caution you to be very careful from here on in.

RESPECT YOUR LIVING SPACE

- because if you don't it can kill you and I ask you - are Human Beings an Environmental Issue?

Threasa Ann Riddell



**ARE WE RUNNING
OUT OF TIME?**

greetings my faithful readership

Unfortunately TIGHTWIRE had no "takers" in submitting short humorous articles for this column and I REFUSE to allow it to die a literary death! So you guessed it! You are once again 'PLAGUED' with Corkie and her somewhat humorous adventures, which for the record are true and factual.....

"WILL I EVER LEARN"

While in the process of selecting my favorite wines at a local liquor outlet one day, I had occasion to view first hand an incident that not only tickled my fancy but stimulated a sudden flow of adrenaline. This sudden influx of stimulus enabled me to successfully execute a plan of endeavor, however in doing so, barely escaped serious injury.

I found myself alone with a young inexperienced cashier and two male clerks, who were busily stocking shelves. Suddenly "stage left" - enters one elderly gentleman in an obvious advanced stage of "wineitist", barely coherent and reeking of something less than "Brute" by Avon.

Remarkably so, the gentleman in question (extremely questionable) made his selections of several wines of the good vintage "1987" (the year this incident took place) and approached the awaiting cashier. As the cashier rang in the total and requesting \$11.85 - the gentleman stated "I want a receipt first!"

A heated discussion followed whereby the now frustrated cashier in the midst of losing her "cool" tried in vain to secure the money firstly, however finally succumbed to the gentleman's request and handed over the receipt in advance, leaving her in an extremely agitated frame of mind - bordering on MADNESS! (in the deepest sense of the meaning).

As the NOW satisfied customer left, the somewhat out-of-control cashier proceeded to vent her anger and irritability upon the two male clerks over what she perceived as an ordeal. They in turn offered her not only sympathy but some unfortunate advice which almost secured her criminal charges. The advice being - she did not have to take that (s) from any customer and in future HOLD her own! (The sad part to this scenario is that all three sweethearts were not at all concerned with the fact that I "a customer" was in ear shot of the entire conversation).

**"WHAT EVER HAPPENED TO THE OLD 'CLICKE'"
"THE CUSTOMER IS ALWAYS RIGHT! - EVEN WHEN THEY'RE NOT!"**

(obviously these three non-professionals lacked greatly in "customer relations")

Now after hearing this less than brilliant conversation and knowing the lay of the land, I calmly approached the "little sweetheart" on the cash allowing my purchases to be recorded and upon her demand for \$39.58 - I in a very nonchalant manner stated -

"could I please have the receipt first!"

INSTANTANEOUSLY ALL HELL BROKE OUT!

SHE FREAKED!

Suddenly completely OUT-OF-CONTROL, this IDIOT grabs one of my wine bottles off the counter and raises it above my head screeching INCOHERENTLY and for some unknown reason kept it there, while the two male clerks came running to HER RESCUE!

- At which point with all three around me - I replied in a very low subdued voice - "I TAKE IT - THAT MEANS NO"

As the bottle was about to crash down upon my head - believe me - "FOR ME" the joke was over! - saying - JOKE LADY - JOKE! - I was here remember ten minutes ago!

Alls well that ends well and we all had one hell of a good laugh!

Needless to say - my warp sense of humor that day - nearly had devastating affects for both cashier and myself.

"WILL I EVER LEARN"

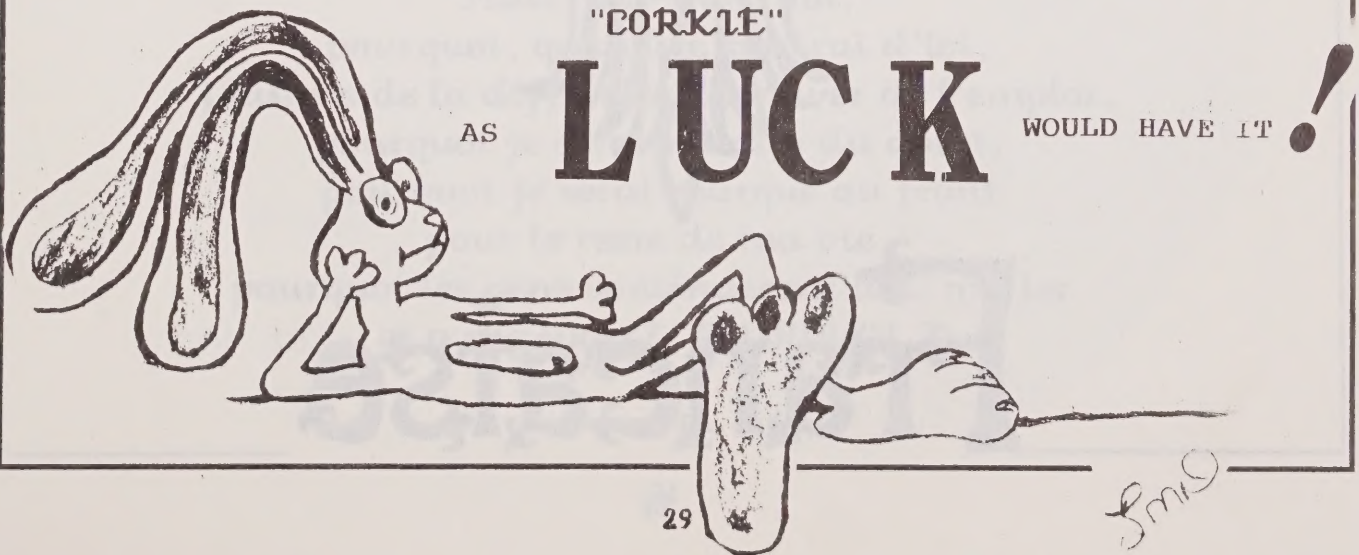
HELL NO LAUGHTER FOR ME IS WHAT KEEPS MY SANITY

"CORKIE"

AS

LUCK

WOULD HAVE IT!



La Section



Française

COLERE ET PEINE

Je suis en prison.
Je paie a la societe le mal que je lui ai fait
et je paie cher.
Ce sont les plus belles annees de ma vie,
les annees de ma jeunesse,
que je passe ici, entre les murs d'un penitencier.

Mais j'ai des questions a te poser.
Je ne t'en veux pas,
parce que je sais que, toi,
tu es juste et que tu es capable de comprendre
et d'aimer.

Mais moi, je ne comprends pas.
Pourquoi ai-je ete eleve dans la rue ?
et meme pas aime du tout ?

Mais, ici, en prison, j'ai, malgre tout,
refait ma liberte interieure;
j'ai compris bien des choses et, surtout,
j'ai trouve des gens qui m'ont aime,
qui m'ont appris a m'aimer moi-meme;
je suis, comme on dit, en pleine rehabilitation,
et j'en suis fort heureux.

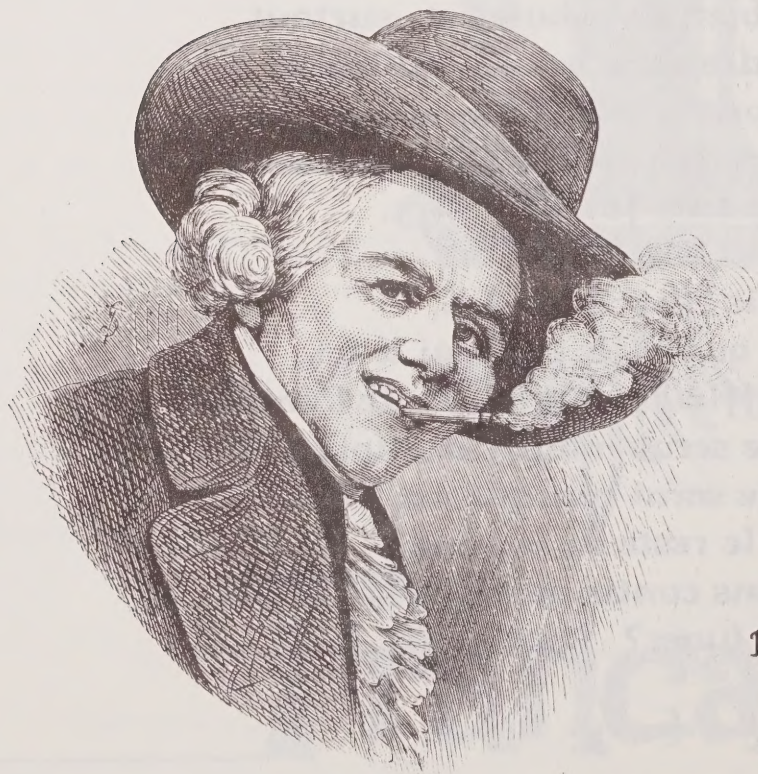
Mais, dit-moi, Toi,
pourquoi, quand je sortirai d'ici,
j'aurais de la difficulte a trouver de l'emploi,
pourquoi je serai montre du doigt,
pourquoi je serai marque au front
pour le reste de ma vie,
pourquoi les gens continueront a se mefier
et a me juger? POURQUOI ?

LA CIGARETTE

La cigarette de l'amour consumée
Vient d'expirer sur tes lèvres
Cet instant d'amour que tu m'as donné
Tu viens de la chasser en fumée
Je te regard après cette trêve
Déjà tu commences à m'oublier

Désir tu ne tiens pas tes promesses
Plaisir tu les chasses avec adresse
Éternel renouveau du désir
Qui ne fait que mourir de plaisir

Cigarette de la condamnée à revivre
Que j'ai fumée par habitude
Tu me donne un arrière goût de fièvre
Avant d'expirer entre mes lèvres
Mon désir repus de lassitude
À oublier l'amour qui en creve



soumis par

DONALD REDMOND



J'AI PEUR

Le brouillard m'aveugle
Je ne te vois presque plus
J'ai peur, ou es-tu?
Mes yeux sont embrouillés
J'ai envie de pleurer,
Je me sens perdue...
Je voudrais m'accrocher
A quelqu'un...
Je voudrais courir très loin
Pour enfin voir la route
Cette route qui me guidera
Vers la liberté
J'ai besoin de toi pour me guider
Car les routes sont tortueuses
Et j'ai peur de me blesser encore
J'ai peur de me tromper de chemin
S'il-te-plait, tends-moi la main

TANGUAY QUEBEC

WHAT EVER HAPPENED TO THE MISSION DOCUMENT? IS IT FILED IN NO-MANS LAND?

I address these questions to two prominent individuals who in part played major roles in the creation of this fair, humane and supposedly equitable document.

Mr. Pierre Cadieux - Solicitor General of Canada
and

Mr. Ole Ingstrup -
Commissioner Correctional Service Canada
and also

Mrs. Mary Cassidy our
Warden - P4W with respect to the implementation of same.

"GREAT IN THEORY" - but as we all can appreciate the LACK of importance theory can be - if not put into practice and I can assure you as a prisoner within, there is very "little" practice being applied here at P4W with respect to this Mission Document. In point of fact - there is a strong element of POWER TRIPPING and LACK OF COMMUNICATION between management and their own staff causing unnecessary misunderstandings and at the same time creating an extremely bad rapport between prisoner and management/staff.

For the record :
I'M NOT IMPRESSED!

To cite an example of the lack of implementation of these Mission Document directives - I wish to relate the following circumstances that came into play recently here at P4W. The situation was completely unnecessary causing anger, frustration and more importantly creating a larger element of mistrust and lack of respect already existing to some degree between both prisoner and management / staff. This scenario simply depicted a prime example of not only a lack of foresight on the part of management but also the unbelievable lack of communication, insecurity and down right pettiness between management and their own staff. To coin a familiar phrase "I was shocked" - but I can assure you not speechless!

In the capacity of A Range Representative, I recently had occasion to become involved in negotiations between Management and staff with respect to a "charging situation" of numerous prisoners within this institution.

During the course of this original meeting, it was determined these charges were a result of a lack of communication between

management and staff and subsequently dismissed. It was also established at this meeting - that a memo would be issued explicitly depicting new relaxed rules and regulations to avoid any further misunderstandings as was in the case of the original charges.

I was also advised at the time to inform my fellow sisters that no additional action would be taken until such a memo came into effect. I complied with their directive and advise my sisters accordingly. This being the second occasion I was directed to inform my sisters - no action would be taken - when in point of fact there was re the original charges. Thus being the reason why these charges were deemed unfair and duly dismissed.

Bearing in mind the circumstances I've just outlined - you can well appreciate the shock, confusion and utter anger that was ours to behold (we the prisoner) when additional action only days later was taken in the form of "bad performance slips" with respect to the same original charges that were recently dismissed.

MISSION DOCUMENT - under GUIDING PRINCIPLES - Core Value 1
THE DISCIPLINARY PROCESS, WHEN USED, WILL BE FAIR, TIMELY AND EQUITABLE

Once again I demanded a meeting with Custody over this ludicrous situation - whereby in the course of a few days - COMPLETE duplication of the original stupidity took place - when in effect NO ACTION should have come into play until the relevant memo was issued as we were directed.

I ask you - WHAT THE HELL IS GOING ON HERE!

If I sound a little perturbed over this situation - it is because I AM!

I also wish to give credit where credit is due - there are many in both management and staff positions who are fair-minded and compassionate, however unfortunately to coin yet, another familiar phrase - "ONE BAD APPLE (OR IN OUR CIRCUMSTANCES SEVERAL) SPOIL THE BARREL" and with respect to these individuals in power who are being unfair, unreasonable and down right inhumane with their dealings with we the prisoner -

IT MUST STOP!

Mrs. Cassidy our Warden are you not responsible for the implementation of these Mission Document Directives within the walls of P4W? and Mr. Cadieux and Mr. Ingstrup are you gentlemen, if not personally responsible at least CONCERNED that these Mission Document Directives are in fact being implemented according to plan in the federal systems across the country? One would surmise having one's name as in the case of both of you gentlemen associated to this MAJOR

CORE VALUE 1
ALL OF OUR DEALINGS WITH INDIVIDUALS WILL BE OPEN, FAIR AND HUMANE

I do not appreciate dealing with deviant untrusting individuals nor do I appreciate having my creditability threatened as representative to my sisters.

I WISH TO POINT OUT FOR THE RECORD :-

The two individuals who originally gave me those directives - did in fact stand by their word being extremely supportive to our plight, however the sad and extremely unfortunate aspect to this - is their own colleagues and superior DID NOT!

How can we the prisoner learn respect if not by example?

We the prisoners across Canada, whether it be sisters or brothers will no longer accept or tolerate being treated in this deplorable and inhumane manner re the MISSION DOCUMENT.

I truly believe one of the major priorities of management within any institution - should be a concentrated goal of securing trust and respect between those within their walls and jurisdiction striving for amicable relations on a humanistic level. After all - are we not all human beings?

IN SUMMATION - my final questions being :-

document you would be greatly concerned. Mr. Cadieux, I am assuming as our new Solicitor General you will adhere to previous directives from your office.

CORKIE BOYLAND

Prison is a cesspool of human suffering where all negative aspects of one's character are encouraged and all positive aspects are discouraged. We are human beings first and prisoners second. In prison we are treated solely as prisoners who have to fight for our human rights.

THREASA ANN RIDDELL

R
R
P
E



RAPE SURVIVORS

Contributions sought for an anthology on survivors of adult sexual assault (rape). The collection will focus on the personal and social-political contexts within which women incorporate our rape experiences into our lives. I especially want to explore the connections between the pressures survivors experience to put our rape experiences behind us and be "normal again" and the isolation and denial that surround our real needs and concerns.

Survivors of stranger and acquaintance rape, including women of all ages, abilities, class, educational, religious and ethnic backgrounds and sexual preferences are encouraged to contribute their stories. Submissions should be in the form of personal narratives and may be written or taped.

DEAD LINE - JULY 1, 1990

**FOR MORE INFORMATION AND GUIDELINES
W R I T E**

**SURVIVORS,
P.O. Box 460895,
San Francisco, CA 94146**



RAPE CHARGES WITHDRAWN AFTER ATTACK ON TWO TEENS

**By Wendy Darroch
TORONTO STAR**

Rape and kidnapping charges against two Toronto men have been withdrawn because new evidence makes it impossible for the crown to prove its case, a court has been told...

BALANCING THE SCALES OF INEQUALITY

They say that justice is blind but in this case it indicated that men have been given the go ahead to RAPE and KILL women because the evidence cannot be presented in court due the way it was obtained. Whose rights are these judges and lawyers trying to protect anyway? Maybe that is why they portray justice as a blind folded woman.

THREASA ANN RIDDLELL

THE ROAD



The road is a long and lonely journey
It's what use to escape reality now and then
With nothing more then our napsack of hope
We start out on a new experience in life

Going from town to town
City to City
The road is so unrewarding
Hitching a ride
Scoreing a meal
Is that really what the roads all about

It's suppose to be beautiful
The country
The landscape
Not the twisted road to nowhere
Because it never stops
It goes on and on and on
It just never stops

Lonley
So lonley and bored
Stuck in the middle of nowhere
My thumbs out
But do you think anyone will care

Just the female type
Or the farmer looking for a romp
Shit it's all the same
The old man with the big wallet
And the fucked up grin
Or the sister looking more
than her 29 years

The strip
The stroll
Pick-up a trick
New city
Totally different head
The drunken laughter
The passion
But for just one night

Care for a drink
My place or yours
The moment
The climax
The high
Sorry
Suns up
Time to go
Where
Back on that loney road to nowhere

**JEFF ROWE
FRONTENAC INSTITUTION**

I'M IN COMMAND

The more they try to invade my mind
It gets to a point where my heart turns to stone
I'm caged up like an animal driven mad by anger
But as I control my emotions and act as a warrior
Pain and suffering gradually vanishes, for I am in
Command of my own mind
And never will you ever get inside

SUZIE HUNT

TO THOSE OF THE BROTHERS AND SISTERS WHO MAY HAVE AIDS

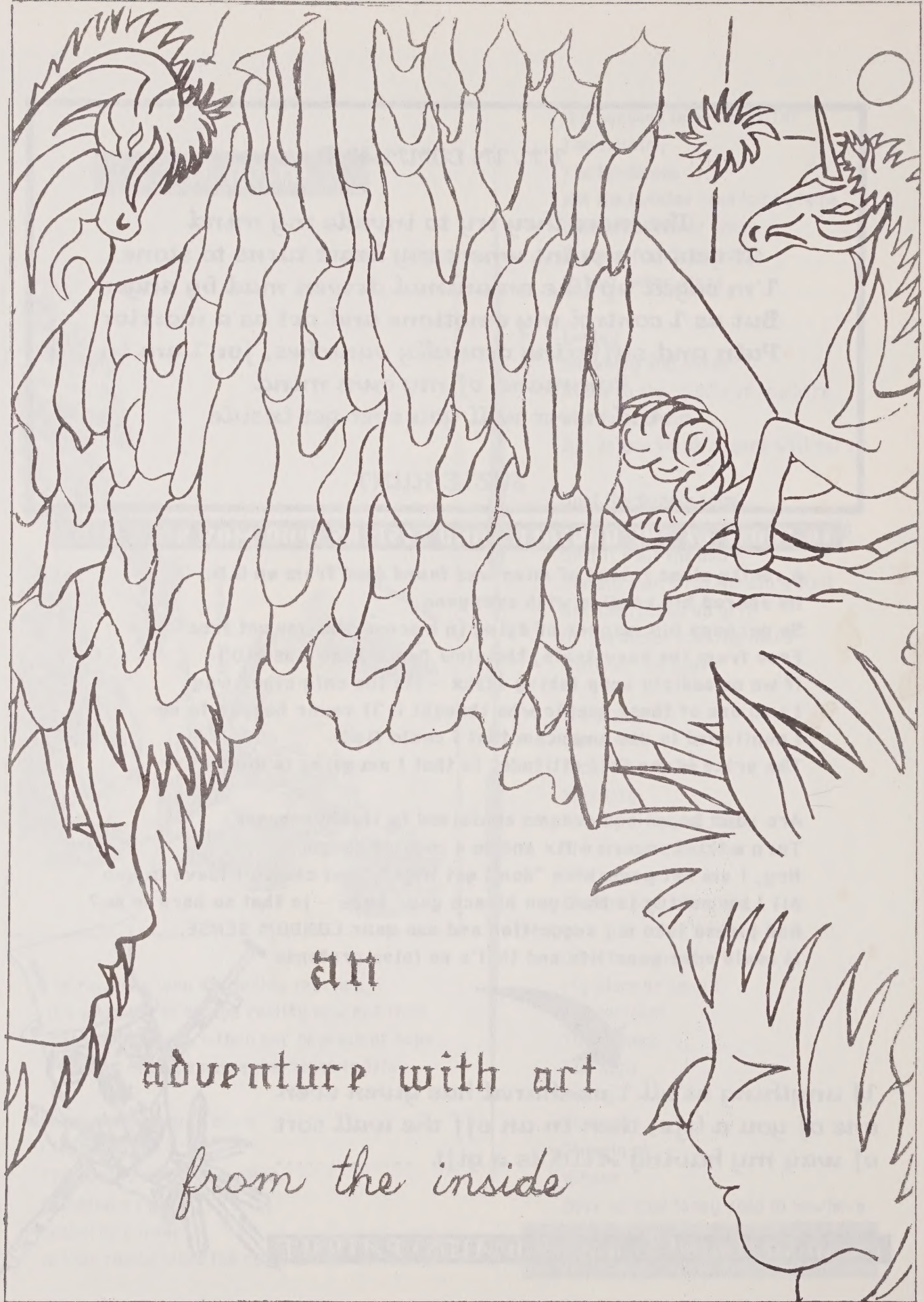
A really close friend of mine was found dead from an O.D.
He shared his needles with everyone
So perhaps his manner of dying in a sense "He was set free"
Free from the inevitable, the slow Death known as AIDS
If we as addicts keep taking risks - its the only other way
I was one of those people who thought it'll never happen to me
I continued to use any scam that I could find
The price of my "old attitude" is that I am going to die

Are your hopes and dreams contained in liquid orgasm
Turn a trick, score a fix and do a cocaine spasm
Hey, I am not preaching "don't get High", that choice I leave to you
All I am asking is that you bleach your hype - is that so hard to do?
And please take my suggestion and use your CONDOM SENSE.....
It could save your life and that's no false pretense

If anything at all I've shared has given even
one of you a life, then in an off the wall sort
of way my having AIDS is a gift

Lovingly shared (I am with AIDS) PATRICE





an

adventure with art

from the inside



for Tanyu Gagol

with love Gena Gagol



Tim Dumont

Edmonton Max.

FOR THE BEAUTY
OF LIVING
GOD HAS CREATED
HUMAN NATURE

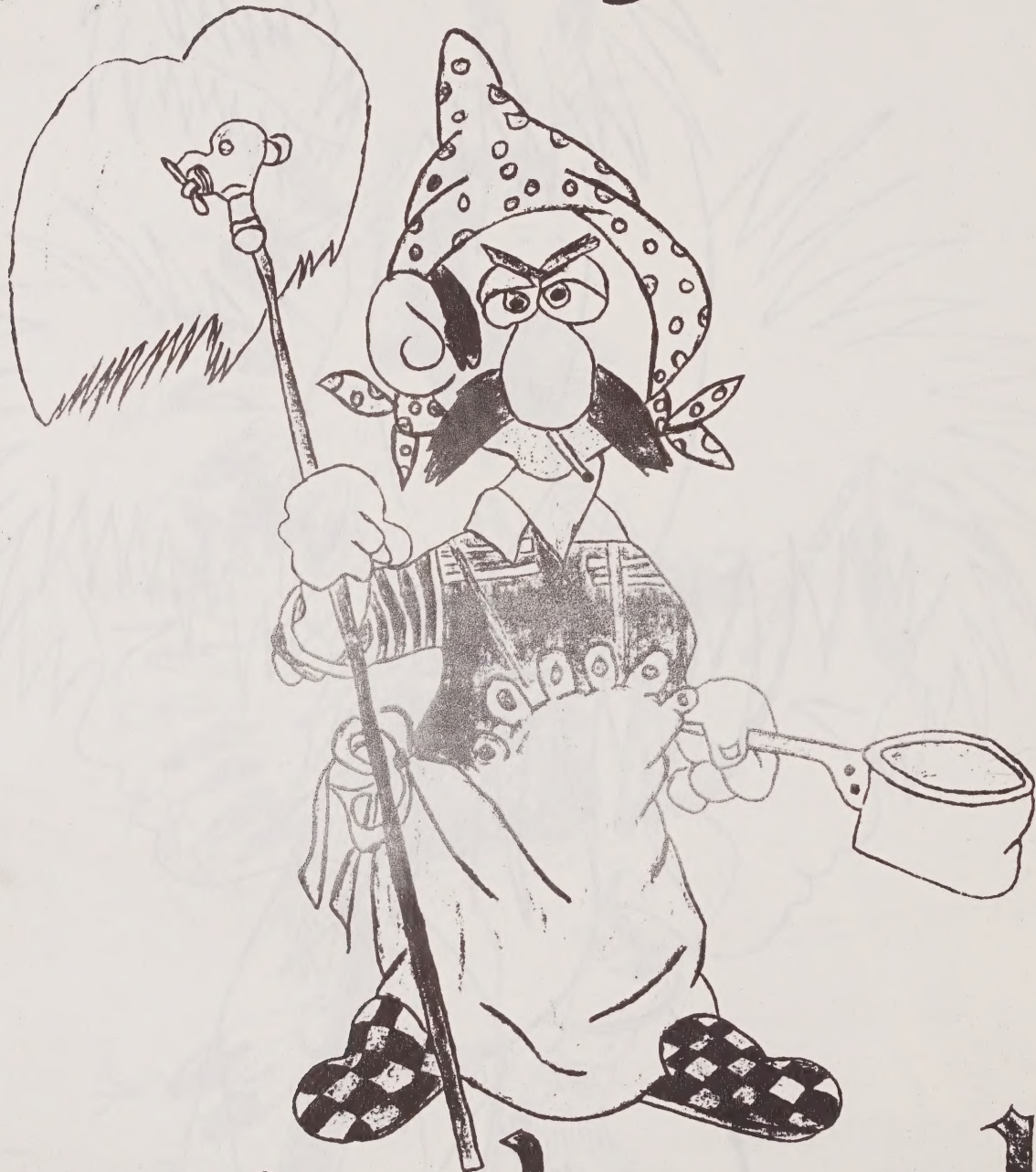


Chris Hellick
Collins Bay





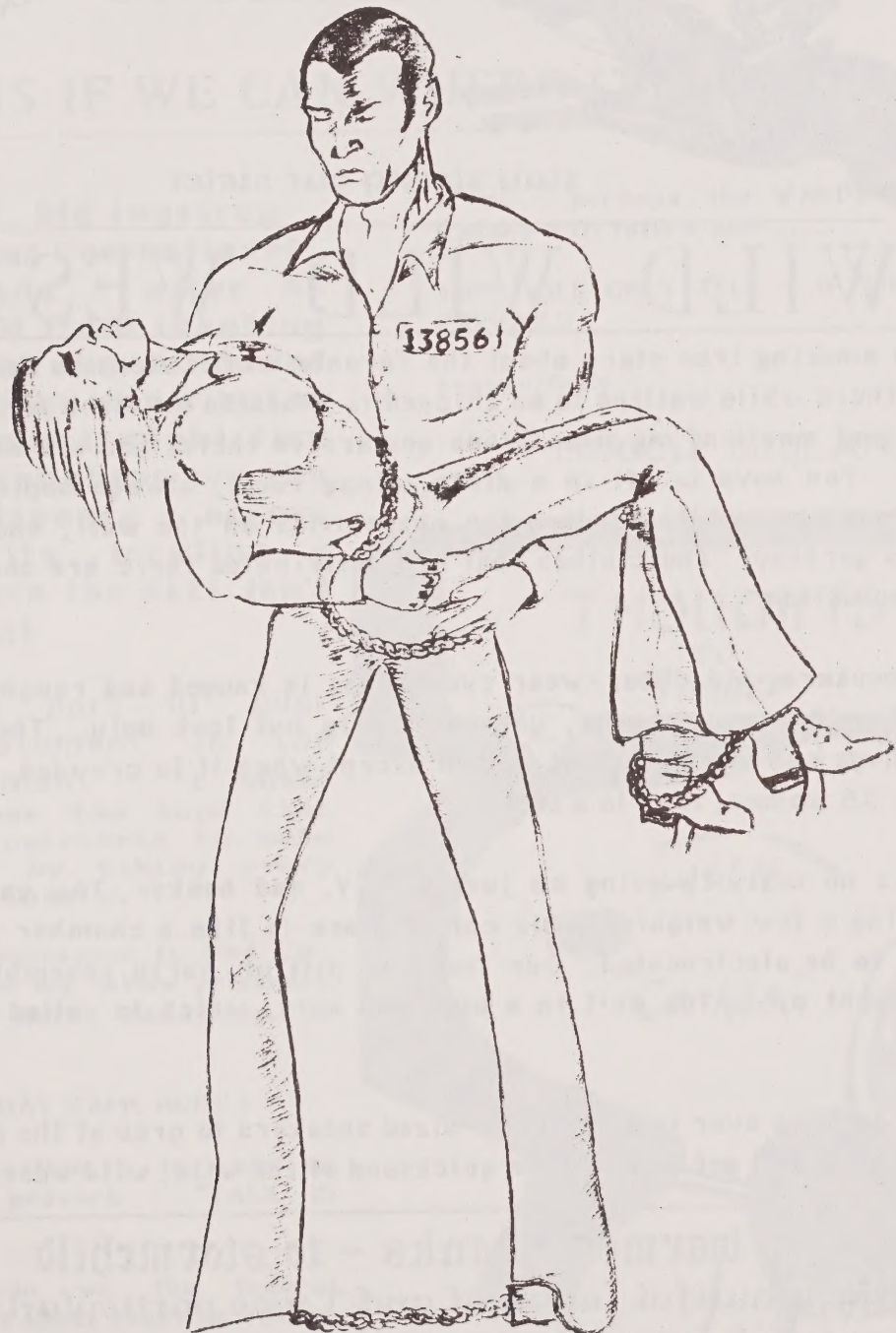
Danger!



man at work

Andy Gallagher
Long Kesh - Ireland

HE AINT HEAVY



HES MY BROTHER

George



by
LYNN LAROCQUE

stay strong our sister

WILD WILD WEST !

This is amazing true story about the Toronto West Detention Centre. I did one month there while waiting to be shipped to Kingston's Prison for Women. It was the longest month of my life. When you arrive there, you are admitted through A & D. You have to sit in a dirty, dingy room, always hoping that nothing crawls on you, while reading the obscenities on the wall, and smelling last month's garbage. The clothes that are distributed there are something left to the imagination.

Huge sneakers, old under-wear everything is ragged and rough, so no matter how attractive you may be, you can't help but look ugly. The Wing Unit is fairly huge and shared by 24 women except when it is crowded, then there are at least 36 women, four to a cell.

There is no activity going on just a T. V. and books. The yard is the roof containing a few weights. This entire place is like a chamber where you are waiting to be electrocuted. Our food was pitiful, barely resembled food at all. It's brought up to the unit in a big meal cart, which is called "The Garbage Truck".

Everybody runs over in their over-sized sneakers to grab at the dog chow, but I endured. I didn't get sunk by the quicksand of the wild, wild west.

warmest thanks - to stormchild
for the beautiful fan mail and I was particularly thrilled
to receive the picture of my two youngest fans baking my
oakmeal cookies!

TAKE CARE - BECAUSE I CARE
corkie

MISSION DOCUMENT

UNDER ATTACK !

THAT IS IF WE CAN WHERE IT IS FILED !!!

Perhaps Mr. Ole Ingstrup
Commissioner Correctional
Service Canada - after he
has recovered from thanking
personally the hundreds of
people who have contributed
to this document might find
the time to enlighten we the
federal prisoners across
Canada of its' location -
because it sure the HELL isn't
where we are!

Mr. Ingstrup part of your
recorded statement in the
Mission Document - "I would
like to express the hope that
we will all contribute to make
it a reality by taking every
word of it seriously."

I am somewhat impressed to find Sir,
that you and I and my fellow prisoners
across Canada have something in
common.

WE SHARE THAT SAME HOPE !

One final observation - to coin an
ancient Chinese proverb - "TALK IS
CHEAP"

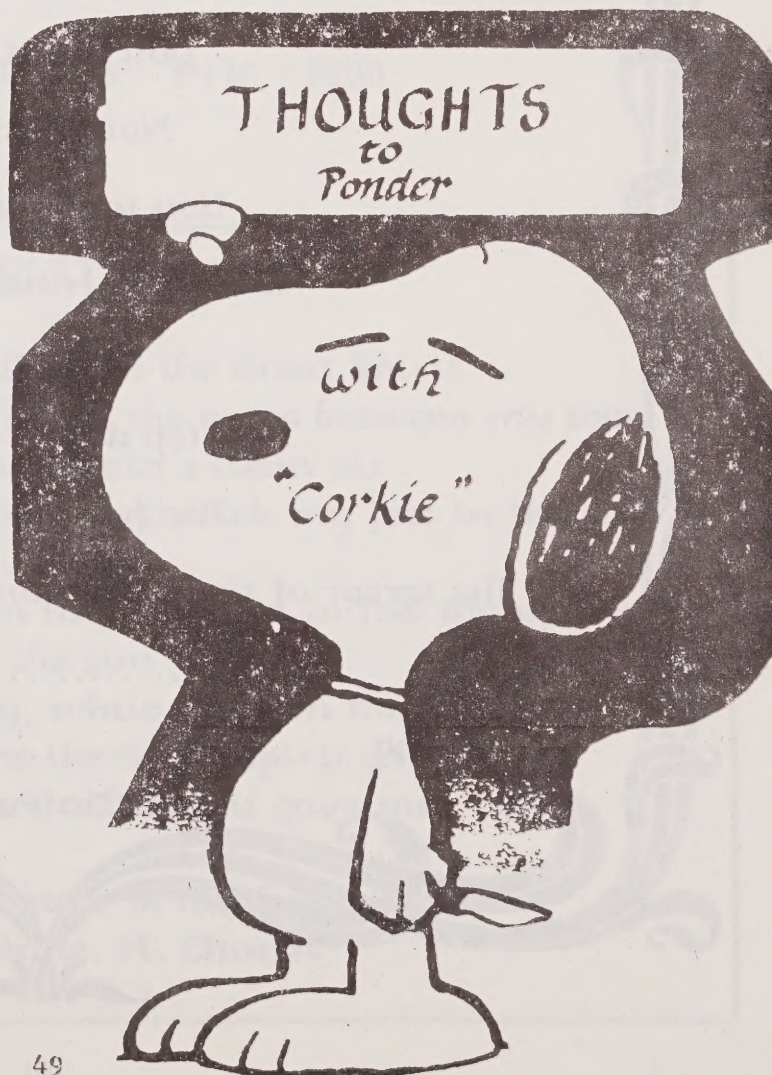
Mr. Ingstrup can we the federal
prisoners across Canada count on YOU to
get SERIOUS about the MISSION
DOCUMENT?

If so - perhaps the WARDENS across
Canada will follow suit

TIME WILL ONLY TELL - IF THAT HOPE
PREVAILS

respectfully

CORKIE BOYLAND





You want to play Mrs. & Mrs. Fisher Price

And I won't.

You want a cottage and the roses and the picket fence

And I can't.

You want things to match and to come out even

And they don't.

You want love

Not passion

You want to live

But are afraid of LIFE

The step across the abyss

The fear of flying

The terror of the unknown, the dark, the stars

..... So stay

Being alone.

J. Mayhew



A FOND FAREWELL

I guess it's that time - my last article for Tightwire. I dislike farewells - but what must be must be I guess.

As I look back on fourteen (14) years, I see a host of people, women who have journeyed through P4W, I recall a myriad of events both good and bad. I have had the experiences Paul talked about "rejoicing with those who rejoice, weeping with those who wept".

As I leave I would take this last opportunity to wish each and every one of you God's richest blessings in your lives to His honor and glory. I shall miss you all.

REVEREND DOWNS - P4W - 1990

THE GREAT SPIRIT

To be free and walk with the Great Spirit
To wander the green fields and the grass between my toes
To smell the mountain's clean air
To watch the cold river's run and to stick my feet in the cool
water
To have the sun beat down on my face and to feel the warmth
of the sun
To watch the clouds go by, while I lay on the soft grass
To be with nature that the Great Spirit gave us.
To my friends the Great Spirit gave me.

Dedicated to "Susie Peters & Raylene Nichole"
From Jo-Anne. M. Church

TRAPPED

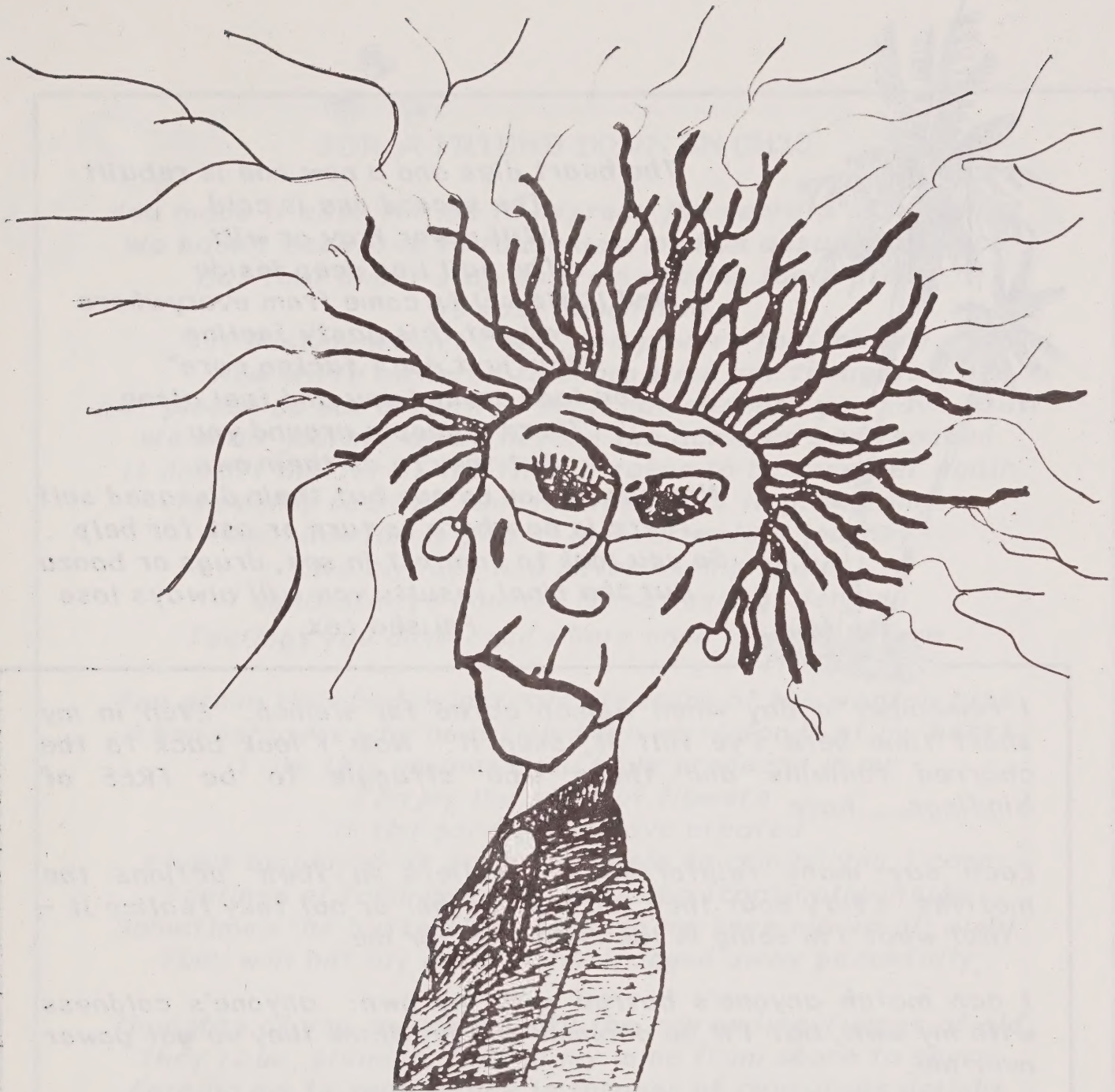
Days I feel trapped and provoked
I hold back the tears till I choke
I am often consoled by someone
But my mind is away from everyone
I am awake and in my skin I shake
The nightmare has become reality
Patiently I wait for the finality
Depression is crawling in my bones
I hope and pray totally
That my person will not change zones

DORIANA

Behind these walls we are cut
off from the world. Yes they've
taken away our freedom. But they
can not take away our pride and
our dignity. Because we know who
we are and what we stand for
and we are proud of our heritage
and our culture. That is one thing
that they can not take from us.
For we are strong and proud people.

Esther Bolton

there's so much good in the worst of us
and so much bad in the best of us
that it hardly benefits
any of us to talk about the rest of us
MARY STEWART



THIS IS SERIOUS:

**AFTER ONLY ONE DAY
AT P4W
I HAVE ONE NERVE LEFT
and
YOU'RE GETTING ON IT !!!!!**



*The heart dies and a new one is rebuilt
The second one is cold
Will never fray or wilt
The nail lies deep inside
And little splits come from everywhere
You get this nasty feeling
"You just don't fucken care"
You look around you and feel alone
There's people around you
But they're on their own
Not caring for no one but their diseased self
There is no where to turn or ask for help
So you look to comfort in sex, drugs or booze
But the final results you will always lose
Felisha Lex*

I remember a day when women cared for women. Even in my short time here I've felt it, seen it. Now I look back to the charred remains and those who struggle to be FREE of bindings..... hate.

Each day many reinforced my beliefs in their actions the motives. Every hour they tell me whether or not they realize it – that what I'm doing is the right way for me.

I can match anyone's hatred with my own: anyone's coldness with my own, but I'll be damned if they think they've got power over me.

Existing only out of fear, of hate and guilt, always trying to cover up past mistakes by pouring more shit on top – until it festers; poisoned people lost without your spirits, you're dead women walking around and around and around much like myself once until I chose to break FREE – to claim what is rightfully mine.

Life's teachings are many and too painful to ignore. How many mothers' will die in the process – how many will stop caring?

Heather Langabeer

FOR A FRIEND DOWN IN OHIO

*You made it easy for me to express the secrets of my heart
We hadn't been free to touch destiny has assured us such
But that didn't stop us from sealing the plateau
We fast conquered
If destiny wasn't cruel, the powers that be are
Now we're hindered to share even our thoughts
But please do not despair, I shall not abandon you have faith
We shall journey again beyond the acme we had reached
It doesn't matter of the time it takes to be together again
The delay shall be fuel for the heart to grow fonder
Our time like a joke is a never ending journey
Like my love is a never ending smile
I shall always nourish these feelings for you
Feelings you developed where none existed before*

*You green thumb'd delectable creature of the wanton type
A homesteader who beautified the wastelands of my heart
I like this newness you have produced in me
I enjoy the sight of flowers
In the garden you have created
I have employed an army of people to remind you I care
Feelings of fondness keep churning frantically inside
Sometimes the butterflys you gave me keep me up all night
They will not lay down or be dragged away peacefully,*

*Thoughts of you invade me like the marauding Vikings of old
They rape, plunder, ravage my mind from shore to shore
Forcing me to seek solace in throngs of rapturous delight
My psychic is left in tatters courting insanity
I helplessly wander through fringes of piquancy
At the height of my fantasy abandoned like a used tissue
In the secret hideaway of the mind I'm terrified
To think I'm so crazy about you*



CHANGES

I was lost and now I'm found
Things some how turned around
With all the bad we've had
Good has come and sent away the sad
For hanging on the reasons are many
No lost of love - no not any
A stronger bond of faith we know
The sharing and caring will now show
The cold breeze has went away
Now you and I are here to stay
Taking our life one day at a time
We see each other with an open mind
YES! stand tall never letting the other one fall
Hearing and feeling each other's hearts call
We'll take this love as it must be
Together one day we will be free
With the strength to overcome
We looked for hope and we found some
Smiling because there is no need
For one tear to be shed
Knowing now we will finally move ahead

dedicated to Cecil
I Love You - Ronni

*You're a part of history now, not there text book style
Not the name, the date, the time
For someone to write a rhyme
Sand's was the man, or Devine stood to the last
Not that, that would hurt too much*

*Your a part of history now, you were the first steps we took
To where we are this very day. When you died
He walked on – but we didn't leave your struggle behind for people
To ask the questions of why, or what was in your mind*

*You're face on the wall, not the wall of a museum or a
Marble hall with shiny floors, where people search for the
Name, the date, the time, read the rhyme
Then move on*

*You're the face on the wall, on the Bogside and Creggans of
This world, where struggle is
Where people don't need, the name, the date, the time
Where people can't read rymes*

*You're a part of history now to the delegations, to the
Politicians, to the man in black who placed his hand upon
Your brow, and whispered his holy latin in your ear
They didn't look back, as they left your frail dying
Body on a prison bed, for you could just see the fear in
Their eyes, when they began to realize how small
They are*

*You're a face on the wall, you're the history of us all
You're the face that the woman and child carried
As they called for your right to live
You could look them in the eye
They had no misconceptions
You saw no fear
They were the reason why*

Peter Griffin - Long Kesh - Ireland

hunger strike

COMPARISONS

Do not compare yourself with others, for you are a unique and wonderful creation. Make your own beautiful footprints in the snow.

Barbara Kimball

Comparisons we make of ourselves to other women do destruction far greater than our conscious minds are aware of. Positioning ourselves or her on the "beloved pedestal" prevents the equality of sisterhood that offers each woman the freedom to be solely herself.

Comparisons in which we are the losers darken the moment, cut us off from the actual rhythms of that moment. The consequences can be grave. Within any moment might be the opportunity we've awaited, the opportunity to achieve a particular dream. We must not miss our opportunities.

Each life is symbolized by a particular set of footprints in the snow. How wonderful and how freeing to know that we each offer something uniquely our own. We need never compete to be noticed.

Each of us is guaranteed recognition for what we contribute because it is offered by us alone.

Envy eats at us; interferes with all of our interactions. It possesses all of our thoughts, caging us, denying us the freedom to achieve that can be ours.

*I will look with love on my sisters. I will
free them and myself to be all we are
capable of becoming.*

submitted by :- Theresa Frawley

WE MISS YOU THERESA

**WHATEVER THE STRUGGLE - CONTINUE THE CLIMB
IT MAY BE ONLY ONE STEP TO THE SUMMIT**

MY DOG "SEX"

*It seems that everybody who has a dog
calls him either Rover or Rex.
I thought I'd be different
I called my dog Sex.*

*TO MY SURPRISE I FOUND THIS A VERY
EMBARRASSING NAME.*



*One day I took Sex for a walk and he ran away from me. I spent hours
looking for that darn dog. A cop came up to me and said ... "What are you
doing in this alley at four in the morning?" I said "I am looking for Sex."
MY CASE COMES UP NEXT THURSDAY!*

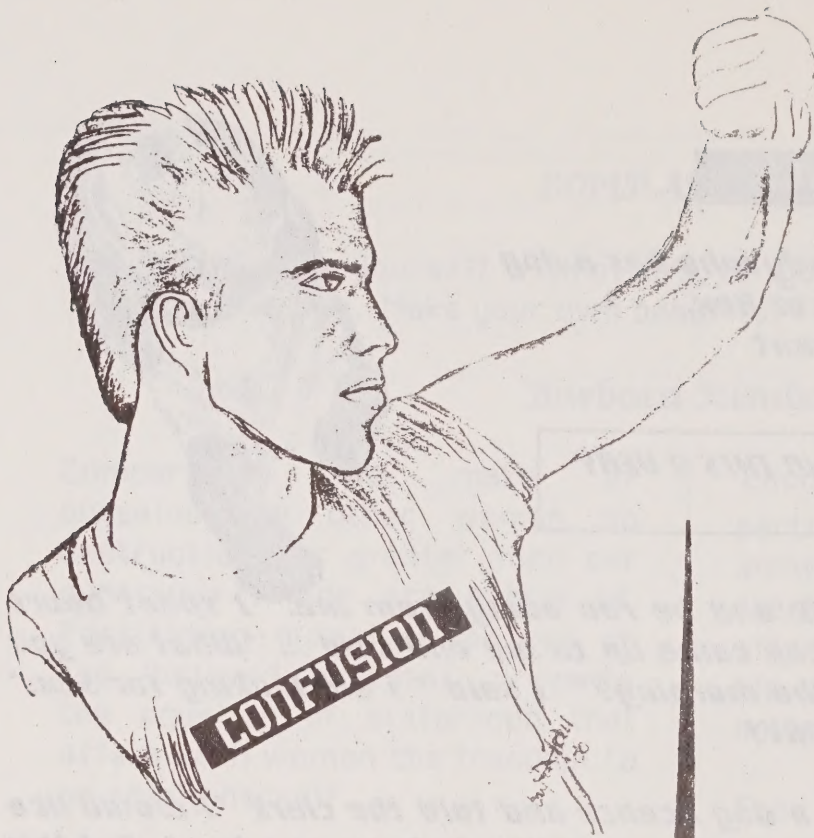
*I went to City Hall to get him a dog licence and told the clerk "I would like
to have a licence for Sex." He said "I would like to have one too." But this
is a dog and he said "he didn't care what she looked like." I went on to say,
you don't understand, I've had Sex since I was two years old. He replied
"You must have been a very strong baby".*

*My wife and I seperated and we went to court to fight for custody of the
dog. I said "Your Honour, I had Sex before we were married." "Me TOO"
said the judge. I explained that I had Sex on T.V. and he called me a
show-off. When I told him that it was a contest, he asked me if I sold
tickets.*

*I tried to explain about the time my wife and I were on our honeymoon and
we took the dog (Sex) along. When we checked into the motel, I told the
clerk that I wanted a room for my wife and me and a special room for Sex.
He told me that every room in that motel was for sex. I said "you don't
understand, Sex keeps me awake at nights." The clerk said "Me TOO."*

I GIVE UP ...THE NEXT TIME I GET A DOG HE'LL BE A ROVER OR A REX!
author unknown

warmest greetings from Canada!
loved your beautiful and funny greeting
glad to have Ireland on board ship!
dedicated to my "Bird-Watchers" and "Val en teen o
corkie



Shots lots of
them
I think?

Dad burst
through the
door
where we
play
SCREAMS
A wife
A mother
And her
daughters
WHERE'S
DADDY?

Mum and me
We watch in a
corner
of the hallway
while his life
SOAKS the
carpet

people appear
through a gap
a door opened
by foreign
invaders
friendly faces
now
shocked sad
I'm ushered
away
to a
neighbour's
with a memory
to last a
lifetime
of British Ways
and British
Laws

John Loughrey
Ireland

POSITIVE FACTORS IN PLAY AT P4W

The new minimum house for prisoners at the Prison For Women has just opened as of March 8th. The ribbon ceremony was attended by the Commissioner of Corrections, Mr. Ole Ingstrup as well as our warden, Mrs. Mary Cassidy along with other visiting dignitaries. There were eleven prisoner sisters who walked out the front door to do the remainder of their time with less security restrictions that exist inside the walls of P4W. We offer hope, strength, love, respect and solidarity to those sisters who have made it out of here and hopefully their road will offer some peace to the rest of us who wait for our turn to be free from the high grey wall of this prison.

PAUL BASTARACHE STEPS DOWN AS SUPERVISOR TO FREEDOM FARM

The Freedom Farm will be losing one of its most valuable members this spring. Paul Bastarache had to step down due to personal health problems. He will still be involved to a certain extent with issues at the Farm from his digs in Toronto. Paul wishes all who go through the Farm SUCCESS and to all those he has worked with all the best with their parole plans. He expresses sadness at his departure and we would like to take this opportunity to thank him for all the things he endeavored to do for us. We wish him health, happiness and success for the future.

Replacing Paul at the Farm will be no stranger to most of us. He has had extensive involvement with the system both as a fellow prisoner and as an on going member of Prison Fellowship. The few times I met him he was polite and offered hope to my unending plight. Oh - for those of you that don't know who I am talking about - I speak of Jim Cavanagh. He has been in the Federal system for twenty years and will be doing all the interviews and parole hearings for those of us that are interested in going to the Farm. He will also be doing work at the Farm as well as his other duties. We welcome him to the position of Supervisor, Institutional Division of Freedom Farm and wish him success in dealing with our many hopes for the future.

THREASA ANN RIDDELL



THINKING ... AGAIN

I am connected to the world by relationships. As a prisoner my being is in a relationship with the idea of justice, even though the idea of justice changes with the person who expresses it. So what is my relationship with justice? That depends on who is asking, it depends on how the question is being asked, it depends on the particular definition of justice being used and it depends on how I feel when I am asked. Quite simple, my relationship with the idea of justice is dependent upon other relationships both relationships with other ideas and relationships with other beings. Furthermore, just as my relationships with ideas and with

people work together to harness me in the world outside of myself, so too do my physical sensations, my emotions and my thoughts work together to keep me from being destroyed by my commitments to relationships which place opposing demands upon me. What am I?

I am a process, a being. I am affected by all of my relationships. I can commit one act and in doing so be judged good by some and bad by others. I will be affected by both judgments. My relationships will change according to the nature of the judgments. Who said what about my act and how was it said? How do I feel during and after being exposed to judgment? Is there not a central

point from where I can best view this entire process of my being from where I can come to understand my constantly changing abstract and personal relationships and their associations with my sensations and thoughts and emotions? I am glad you asked.

Every being is indeed governed by one force. That force is the need for well being. Our need for well being is constant, beginning at conception and ending only at death. It moves us sexually and it makes our stomachs pain with hunger, it moves us socially by directing our being to the company of others in whose presence our well being is best served, and it powers all of our relationships with ideas, discarding,

amending,
empowering, all in
an endless EFFORT
to place our
well-being and our
relationships with
ideas into
harmonious
concert.

EVERYONE IS
EXACTLY THE SAME
in that everyone
from savior to
destroyer is the
result of the same
process of being,
motivated by the
same need for
well-being. We
are amazingly and
merely different
expressions of
exactly the same
thing. THERE ARE
NO EXCEPTIONS.

Roy Claremin
Collins Bay
Institution



POT CALLING KETTLE

Staked out by society's labels
Hanging from our bodies
And our hearts
Like barbed hooks from a fish's mouth
In turn
We label one another according to
Our measures of deviance.
Watch them walking in circles
Past my window
Eyes always forward or downward
Sexual Offenders.
And within my mind several images
Of Lombroso with his measuring tape
And the functionalists stating
Deviant behavior induces groups
To maintain equilibrium.
But I wonder
Where normlessness of punishment
Where segregation and separation
Can possibly change anything.....
Galge K. Horri - Matsqui Penitentiary
May 1989



QUESTION : If you see a dead skunk
and a dead lawyer on the highway,
What's the difference between the
two?

ANSWER : There are skid marks in
front of the skunk!

submitted by prisoner within



COMFORT

WHAT IS IT?

Dictionary Definition :- to soothe, console, a state of ease.

My Definition :- a feeling of love, happiness, no pain, no loneliness, forgiveness, a feeling of peace and most importantly a feeling of HOPE

DO WE NEED IT?

Maybe not just now, but not one of us can say that in past moments - we could not have welcomed it and more importantly - we may in the future need it desperately

WHERE DOES IT COME FROM?

It comes from almost anything or more importantly from almost anyone. It can come in a form of a letter it can come from circumstances or from as insignificantly as a newspaper, T.V., radio or even a drug - but most effectively from a friend or better still a loved one and of course from GOD

COMFORT ENCOMPASSES ALL HAPPINESS

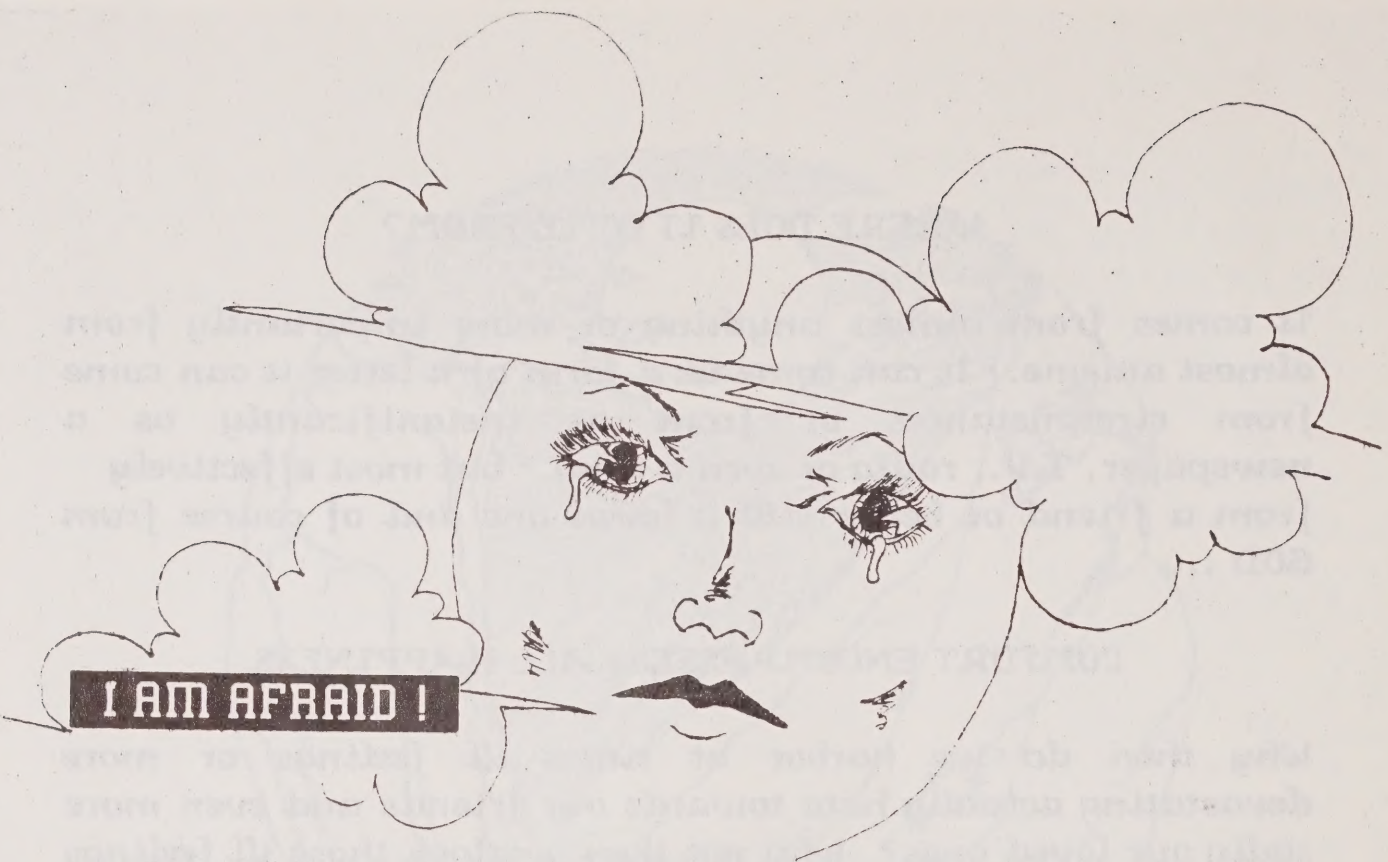
Why then do we harbor at times ill feelings or more devastating actually hate towards our friends and even more sadly our loved ones? Why not then overlook those ill feelings and hate? These feelings we sometimes harbor - cannot bring comfort to them and most assuredly affords no comfort to us. We must always remember that during the moments we harbor these destructive feelings towards others - even if they are only fleeting - those others, friends and most importantly our loved ones can be taken away without a moments notice - then my friend and loved one - it is simply too late to retract them and would have to forevermore live with same.....

So I beseech you please not just for the sake of others - but more importantly for YOUR SAKE overlook those ill feelings and hate - look only for the good and cherish your friends and loved ones while you still may do so.....

AND you see my friend, my loved one - if you can accomplish this, you will not only be giving comfort - you will be receiving it!

I CARE

Christina Dawn (corkie) Boyland
OCTOBER 1988



I AM AFRAID !

*I am afraid of spiders and beetles
I am afraid of creepy crawlies and slugs
I am afraid of catching aids
I am afraid of perverted thugs
I am afraid of being a passenger in a car
I am afraid of dark places unknown to me
I am afraid of becoming disabled
I am afraid of becoming an alcoholic
I am afraid of being in a foreign gaol
I am afraid of becoming institutionalised
I am afraid of my own stupidity
I am afraid of losing my mind
I am afraid of the ones I love losing their minds
I am afraid of the ones I love being hurt in any way
I am afraid of losing the ones I love
I am afraid of the ocean taking over the land
I am afraid of lunatics in power
I am afraid of uncompassionate people who lie
I am afraid of the destruction
Mankind causes with its greed
I am afraid of what sort of world we will have
For the younger generations to come
I am afraid of being burned alive*

**HOLLOWAY PRISON
ENGLAND**

Open your beautiful eyes
And let the brightness in
Learn to take life's punches
With an appreciating grin

Show the world your better side
Locked deep within your heart
Flash them your disarming smile
Offering their morning "Kickstart"

Strength begins on your own
Growing from acts of pride
Having Faith in Destiny
And taking your lot in stride

Take stock of what you offer
Sharing only what you need
Giving comfort when you can
With heart felt honesty

Trusting in common sense
Won't lead you far astray
Enjoy Nature's falling rain
For grass grows greener that way

Isn't that a Rainbow you see?
It certainly is
A BRIGHTER DAY

DALE DUNN
Frontenac Institution

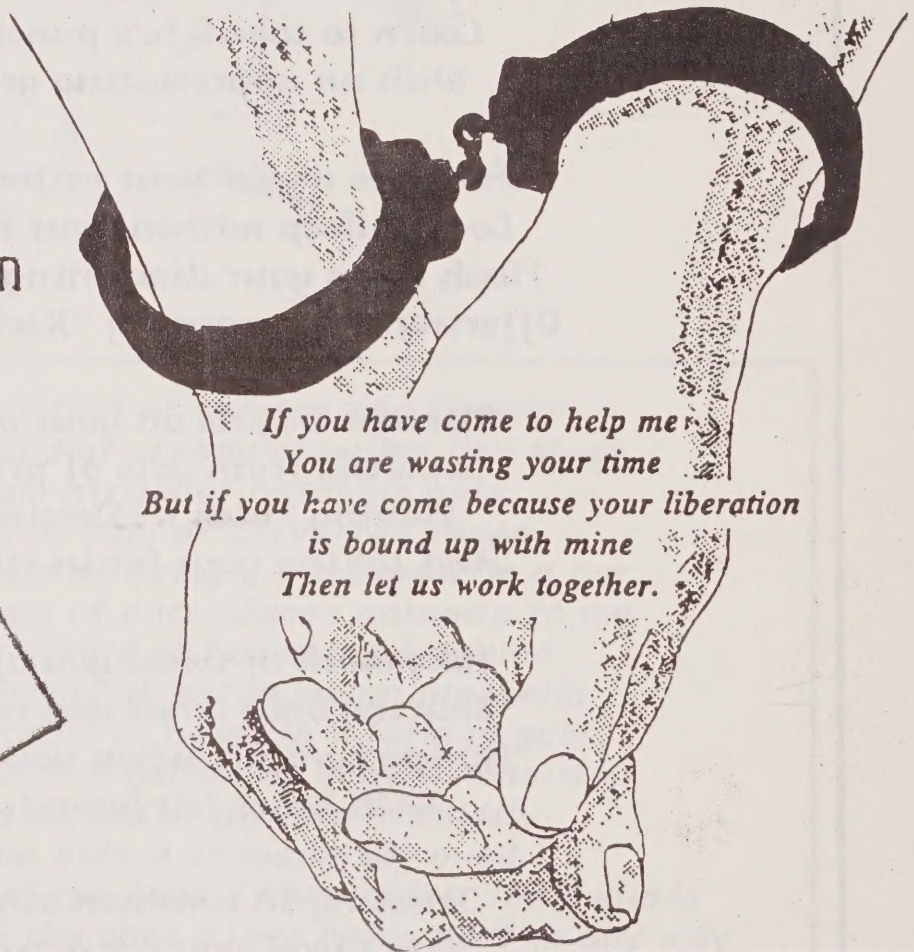


IMPORTANT

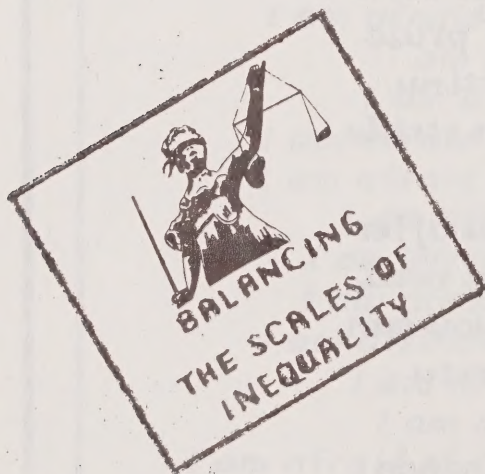
tightwire

WE NEED

**YOUR
PAID SUBSCRIPTION
TO SURVIVE !**



*If you have come to help me
You are wasting your time
But if you have come because your liberation
is bound up with mine
Then let us work together.*



**BALANCING
THE SCALES OF
INEQUALITY**

SUBSCRIPTION

*SEND MONEY ORDER AND BOTTOM
PORTION OF THIS SUBSCRIPTION FORM*

TIGHTWIRE PUBLICATIONS

P.O. BOX 515

KINGSTON, ONTARIO, K7L 4W7

CHECK WHICH APPLICABLE

ONE YEAR

\$10.00

NAME _____

TWO YEARS

\$18.00

ADDRESS _____

NEW SUBSCRIPTION

RENEWAL

CITY _____

CHANGE OF ADDRESS

THANK YOU !

TOGETHER

Together we lay
side by side
tears of joy
you said you cried.

I cried too.
for the past
and for love
that did not last.

Together, you said,
we'd start anew.
but in your eyes
it was not true.

What went wrong.
how did I fail ?
I guess I spent
too long in jail.

Geraldine Hartie



Centre of Criminology,
Library (90-4)
University of Toronto,
Room 8001,
130 St. George St.,
Toronto, Ontario M5B 1A1

SECOND CLASS MAIL
4730